

Nihil Obstat :

JOANNES FITZPATRICK, M.A., D.D.,  
Censor Dep.

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# PASSIONIST

NOVEMBER



# ALMANAC

1936

DATE	FEAST	ANNIVERSARIES OF DECEASED PASSIONISTS
1 SUN.	✠ALL SAINTS.	
2 Mon.	ALL THE FAITHFUL DEPARTED.	
3 Tues.	3rd Day in Octave of All Saints.	
4 Wed.	St. Charles, B.C.	
5 Thurs.	The Holy Relics in Passionist Churches.	
6 Fri.	All the Saints of Ireland.	Rev. Fr. Emidius (Smith), C.P.—1898.
7 Sat.	7th Day in Octave of All Saints.	V. Rev. Fr. Vincent (Grogan), C.P.—1900.
		Bro. Michael (Behan), C.P.—1907.
8 SUN.	✠23rd SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST.	
9 Mon.	Dedication of the Lateran Basilica.	Rev. Fr. Robert (Graham), C.P.—1885.
10 Tues.	St. Andrew Avellino, C.	Rev. Fr. Oswald (Donnelly), C.P.—1936.
11 Wed.	St. Martin, B.C.	
12 Thurs.	St. Martin, P.M.	
13 Fri.	St. Didacus, C.	{ Rev. Fr. Columban (O'Grady), C.P.—1898.
14 Sat.	St. Josephat, B.M.	{ Rev. Fr. John (Sherlock), C.P.—1903.
		Bro. Felix (Callaghan), C.P.—1869.
15 SUN.	✠24th SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST.	
16 Mon.	S. Gertrude, V.	{ Bro. Felix (Ward), C.P.—1872.
17 Tues.	St. Gregory Thaumaturgus, B.C.	{ Rev. Fr. Sebastian (Enrico), C.P.—1881.
18 Wed.	Dedication of Basilicas of SS. Peter and Paul.	Rev. Fr. Anthony (Markey), C.P.—1865.
19 Thurs.	St. Elizabeth, W.	
20 Fri.	St. Felix of Valois, C.	
21 Sat.	PRESENTATION OF OUR BLESSED LADY.	{ Rev. Fr. Julian (Brezzo), C.P.—1884.
		{ Rev. Fr. Stanislaus (Curran), C.P.—1918.
22 SUN.	✠25th and LAST SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST.	
23 Mon.	St. Clement, P.M.	
24 Tues.	St. John of the Cross, C.D.	{ Rev. Fr. Felix (Hogan), C.P.—1859.
25 Wed.	St. Catherine, V.M.	{ Bro. Seraphim (Pecci), C.P.—1894.
26 Thurs.	St. Leonard of Port Maurice, C.	
27 Fri.	Feria.	
28 Sat.	Vigil of St. Andrew.	V. Rev. Fr. Joseph (Carroll), C.P.—1874.
29 SUN.	✠1st SUNDAY OF ADVENT.	
30 Mon.	ST. ANDREW, Ap.	

Abbreviations : Ap.—Apostle. B.—Bishop. C.—Confessor. D.—Doctor. M.—Martyr. P.—Pope  
V.—Virgin. W.—Widow.

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PASSIONIST NOTES AND NEWS, QUESTION BOX,  
BOOK REVIEWS, GAELIC PAGE, GUILD OF ST. GABRIEL.



# Editorial Notes

ASSEMBLED in solemn conclave at Maynooth, the Irish Bishops have spoken with no uncertain voice regarding the Spanish situation. On behalf of the

## The Voice of the Hierarchy.

faithful people of Ireland, their Lordships have given expression to their deep sympathy with the Catholics of Spain, "with that great nation on the tragedy of ruin and shame which it has been made to endure at the hands of an infamous minority under foreign direction." Then in one pregnant sentence, the unanimous voice of the Irish Hierarchy is heard, and no one—certainly no faithful child of the Church—would be foolhardy enough to query their verdict upon the present crisis: "**Spain at this moment is fighting the battle of Christendom against the subversive powers of Communism.**" As a practical expression of sympathy with the persecuted Catholics of Spain, and as a gesture to satisfy a general desire amongst the faithful, the Bishops have ordered special collections to be taken up at all the Masses in the various churches of each diocese on October 25th, the Feast of the Kingship of Christ. The proceeds of this collection will be forwarded by His Eminence Cardinal MacRory to the Cardinal Primate of Spain for the relief of the suffering Catholics. In addition to material aid, spiritual succour is also forthcoming, for their Lordships direct that there shall be Solemn Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament, and special prayers "to make atonement for the sacrileges and outrages committed against Christ, and in supplication for the victory of Christianity over anarchy and Communism." Thus does Catholic Ireland repay a historic debt, mindful of those centuries of persecution when Spain offered a haven of rest and security to our own people in the day of danger.

\* \* \* \* \*

THERE has seldom been such a campaign of calumny, slander and deliberate misrepresentation as that conducted by various so-called reputable and national

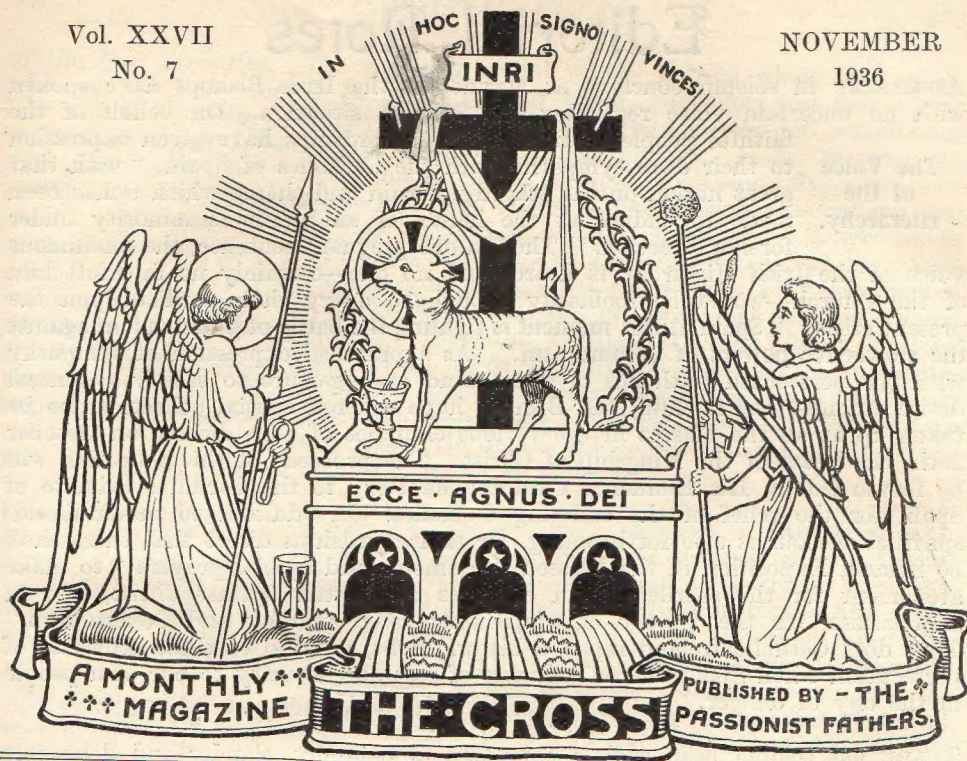
## Lies, Lies —and Lies!

newspapers against the Nationalist forces in Spain. Not only has the known truth been suppressed or distorted out of recognition, but such a barrage of lies and falsehoods has been kept up that even the white light of truth has failed to disperse the darkness of partisanship and prejudice. A persistent slander is that the Nationalist Army is largely made up of Moorish mercenaries loosed against a helpless population. That is a lie! Mr. James Abbe, correspondent of the *Morning Post* has published the true figures. There are about 5,000 Moors in General Franco's army, which numbers in all some 500,000 men, including 80,000 on active service in the front line. And, we may add, that even the Moorish troops who captured Merida, were sickened by the sight of disembowelled corpses of adults and children hanging from the balconies of alleged "Fascist" houses. Others state that the Basque Catholics are supporting the Government forces. Another misrepresentation this—for 36,000 Basque volunteers are fighting in Franco's Army! Many have declared that the Nationalist troops have been guilty of atrocities as great as those of the Reds. This is also untrue—for whilst regrettable excesses may have occurred in the heat of battle, the Nationalist troops are a disciplined and regular army, whilst the savagery of the Red militia is beyond question. Writing to *The Times*, Sir Edward Grigg points to the Red monopoly in the massacre of hostages in cold blood far behind the fighting lines. In Barcelona, where the nearest enemy forces were 200 miles away, he describes the torture and slaughter of innocent non-combatants as "a horror beyond words."

\* \* \* \* \*

THERE is only one way to meet this flood of calumny, and that is for every Catholic to make himself acquainted with the FACTS of the Spanish situation. *The Universe*, giving a lead in the matter, distributed quarter-of-a-million copies of a leaflet giving the facts with regard to Spain. It gives a brief resume of the sequence of events prior to the civil war, and accounts by eye-witnesses of some





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The Editor will be pleased to consider  
MSS., with a view to publication. MSS.  
should be accompanied by stamped addressed  
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## Our Brethren in Spain

Another month has passed since we penned our last note, and we are still without tidings from our brethren in Spain. Every effort has been made to secure authentic information, but only a few small items of news have filtered through regarding the fate that has befallen three flourishing Provinces of the Passionist Congregation. The official ACTA of the Congregation states in the October issue : "Our brethren living in those regions, which are under control of General Franco, have suffered no ill-treatment ; indeed, they are received with demonstrations of singular reverence both by the soldiers and the people . . . on the contrary, the brethren living in those places where the Government still rules have either been slain, or dispersed or have suffered incredible hardships."

In addition to the slaughter of thirty Passionists at Daimel, the Congregation has suffered further losses. At Irun, the community was dispersed before the siege began. After the fall of Irun to the National forces, it was found that the monastery had been burnt, whilst the church had suffered severe damage during the bombardment. The community at Bilbao, forty in number, was dispersed on August 9th, and we trust that they have found temporary security. At Mondonedo, Galicia, a rescue was effected at the last moment. The Passionists of that community were about to be burned alive by the Marxist devils, when a flying column of National troops seized the town and freed the prisoners.

From Santander, Madrid and Barcelona there is no news, and we fear that the worst has happened. The community in the first-named city has been imprisoned by the Communists—beyond that, no more is known. In this hour of peril, only prayer can save our brethren. Most earnestly do we ask an especially fervent prayer from all our readers for our brethren in Spain. May God protect them in their hour of danger !

*J. Edmund, C.P.*



of the Red atrocities. The shocking recital of the horrors which took place wherever the Reds were in control is beyond denial; we quote just two items:

**Expose  
and  
Educate!**

"Henry Harris, an American film director, saw 150 seminarians massacred in Barcelona. In Badajoz, Mr. F. G. Sturup, an English business-man, resident in Spain for twenty-five years, saw two priests who had been knifed to death, their eyes cut out and their bodies then crucified in the public square." A few copies of this leaflet may be obtained from the Editor of *The Cross* on application. Next read the *Catholic* papers, which are giving week by week a fully-documented exposure of the horrors of the Red régime. Be practical—ask your newsagent to supply one of the following: *Standard*, *Universe*, *Catholic Times*, *Catholic Herald*. Read them and pass them on to your friends! Finally, we unhesitatingly recommend Mr. Aodh de Blacam's splendidly-written and studiously impartial pamphlet *For God and Spain* (Irish Messenger Office, 2d.), which tells the truth about the Spanish War. He details the causes and the course of the war, and places in clear light the issues at stake.

\* \* \* \*

If ever a contrast were needed between two opposing ideals, surely Spain offers an object lesson at the present moment. The heroic defence of the Alcazar

**"Red"  
Appeal  
for Help.**

by the cadets is an epic of bravery, and its garrison have won for themselves a glorious niche in Spanish history. And when every attempt to subdue them by force of arms had failed, the Marxist partisans in many lands have vainly sought to besmirch their gallant stand by vile and malicious calumny, saying that the cadets "hoped to save their own skins by hiding behind old people and women with children in their arms." Well—the world will judge, and has already material for judgment. The Madrid Government, or what is left of it, has appealed for a neutral warship to be ready to take them to safety when the capital falls. Swift aeroplanes are in readiness to save the skins of Caballero and Co. when the place gets too hot for them. The Red militia, so brave at torturing priests and nuns, so valiant when shooting down unarmed men, so courageous when burning churches and pillaging convents, cannot be brought to face a real foe. With few exceptions, they have thrown down their arms and fled from the field—or else have skulked away at a safe distance from the firing-line, to indulge in their congenial occupation of torture and sadistic outrage. Their Moscow allies are making a last bid to save a lost cause. Russia is trying to bluff the Powers into making a move to save the game. Non-intervention was a good card, when the Reds had the advantage—but now the tables are turned and the Reds squeal for help.

\* \* \* \*

THE Catholic Press Exhibition to be held in St. Mary's Hall, Belfast, in the month of November promises to be an outstanding success. It is confidently

**Catholic  
Press  
Exhibition.**

hoped that this exhibition—the first of its kind in Ireland—will bring before the eyes of the Catholic public the excellent work that is being done in this field, and will arouse greater interest in the purchase and circulation of Catholic literature, newspapers, periodicals, books and pamphlets. Coinciding, as it does, with the already famous International Vatican Exhibition of the Catholic Press, this exhibition comes most opportunely, and it should give a powerful impetus to the solid though little-known apostolate exercised in our country by the Catholic Press. In this connection, the remarkable words used by Cardinal Pacelli, Papal Secretary of State, in his address to the International Congress of Catholic Journalists have a special significance. "It is you who are the fighters" declared His Eminence, "and the enemy is the pagan trend of modern life. The weapons are the diffusion and the explanation of the Pontifical decrees."



## ANNOUNCING

# The "Cross Annual" 1937

— TO ALL PROMOTERS AND READERS —

Once again the Editor of "The Cross" has remembered his readers and their Christmas needs. He is busied at present in preparing the 1937 edition of the "Cross Annual," which for the fourteenth time will bring seasonable delight to its many thousands of friends. A well-known artist is at present engaged in designing a new cover. Leading Catholic writers are busy with brain and pen on Stories, Articles and Poems; all uniting in one great effort to make this year's "Cross Annual"—THE BEST EVER. The Editor himself is working and planning hard, that the "Annual" may bring to each of its readers, a real abundance of Christmas joys and happiness. And so

*The Editor is planning!*  
*The Artists are designing!*  
*The Writers are writing!*

**THAT THE READERS MAY READ AND ENJOY!**

— WHAT TO DO —

You want to spend a Happy Christmas and help others to do the same? Here's the way to do it—you will find in your copy of *The Cross* for November an Order Form and addressed envelope. Sit down, pen in hand, and count up how many copies of the "Cross Annual" you need for yourself and your friends. Then, in clear block capitals fill up the spaces provided and **POST WITHOUT DELAY!**

### **DISAPPOINTMENT.**

Other years have left many would-be readers disappointed and deprived them of one of the greatest of Christmas joys—the reading of a **GOOD** Christmas Annual. Why?

Because—(i) Their orders arrived after the closing date;  
and (ii) Only a limited number is printed.

### **WATCH OUT**

for the special page in the December number of *The Cross*, giving a complete list of contributions and contributors.

### **NOTE WELL!**

The Annual will be published early in December and we guarantee to supply all orders which are received on or before Saturday, November 21st.

The "Annual" only costs 6d., or by post 9d.

\* \* \* \* \*  
**IF YOU WANT TO WISH YOUR FRIENDS A TRULY HAPPY CHRISTMAS  
SEND THEM THE "ANNUAL."**



# The Claretians and their Founder

FRANCIS J. BENSON

.....  
Many Claretian Fathers have died for the Faith in Spain. It is strange to reflect that these martyrs have met their deaths, not in the savage lands of the missions, but in the civilised homeland which gave the Order birth : :  
.....

“THE saddest yet proudest Superior General of all the religious orders of the world,” the *Catholic Times* called him, in reporting an interview its representative had with the Rev. Father Philip Maroto, head of the Claretian Fathers, after his arrival in London on a visit to the houses of his Order in England. He is General of a Spanish Congregation of which at least a hundred members have been martyred by the Reds!

The Congregation of the Missionary Sons of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, known in this country as the Claretian Fathers, from the name of the founder, Blessed Antonio Maria Claret, is but an infant in comparison with such venerable, but still flourishing Orders as the Benedictines, the Augustinian Canons, or the Carmelites. Many years must pass before it sees its first centenary. Nevertheless, so rapid has been its growth, that it has now more than three thousand members in ten provinces and about two hundred houses.

It was founded by a priest, later an Archbishop, who crowded into his life a variety of adventures any one of which would have made “front-page news.” His Archbishopric was no sinecure—he would not have accepted it if it had been. His See was in South America, and during his administration no less than fifteen attempts were made on his life. On one occasion his cheek was laid open from ear to chin by the knife of an assassin.

Antonio Maria Claret y Clara was born at Sallent in Spain in the year 1807. His father was a woollen manufacturer in a small way of business, and his son was put to learning the trade, after an elementary education which terminated at the age of twelve. Later he went to Barcelona to study and specialise in the weaver’s craft. Much of his time, however, he devoted to higher studies.

Feeling the call to the ecclesiastical state, he entered the seminary of Vich, a diocese dependent on Barcelona, in the year 1829. His, therefore, was very definitely a late vocation. He was appointed to a benefice in his native parish, and worked and studied there until 1839. In that year he went to Rome to enter the Jesuit noviceship there, but found he had mistaken his vocation and left. Work in Spain followed, in the towns of Valadrau and Gerona, where he attracted notice by his fruitful apostolate among the poor.

Then began his period of greatest activity. His superiors recalled him to Vich and sent him out from there to give missions throughout the length and breadth of Catalonia. His renown spreading, he received in 1848 a call to the Canary Islands, where he spent fifteen months preaching and giving retreats. Returning to Vich, he founded (16th July, 1849) his missionary congregation and organised the huge library at Barcelona which bears his name, and which has issued, quite literally, millions upon millions of copies of Catholic books.

At this time Queen, Isabella II was on the throne of Spain, and the fame of her subject reached her ears. Through her intervention, Pope Pius IX made Blessed Antonio Archbishop of Santiago de Cuba. He was consecrated at Vich, and embarked at Barcelona on 28th December, 1851, for his new field of labour. He found his huge archdiocese in a very bad state, and set about reforming the abuses at once. Within two years he reorganised the seminary, strengthened clerical discipline, and embarked on a series of missionary journeys of wonderful fruitfulness.



In 1857 he was recalled to Spain, again at the instance of Queen Isabella, and made her confessor, and also superior of the monastery and school of the Escorial, outside Madrid. At his own request, he was relieved of his archiepiscopal dignity and made a titular bishop. He continued his works of zeal, especially among the poor, giving much time, too, to reading, study, and the writing of books. With regard to his vigorous apostolate of the press it is worth noting as a topical comment that one of the 130 books which came from his pen is entitled *Our Lady of the Pillar and the Freemasons*. Blessed Antonio's spiritual descendant as head of the Claretian congregation, Father Maroto, has a tale to tell of *Our Lady of the Pillar and the Communists*. It is a glorious story of a "most imposing manifestation of protest against the cowardly bombardment of the shrine of Our Lady of the Pillar. Four 50 kilo bombs were dropped on the shrine. They went through the roof and fell on the floor of the Angelic Chapel, but did not explode." The military and municipal authorities of Saragossa joined with the civil population in a great act of thanksgiving for the preservation of the shrine.

It is worth mentioning that Blessed Antonio Claret's literary activity gives the lie to those who would assert that a Spanish Catholic is a bad patriot, since scholars are agreed that his books contributed not a little to the revival of the Catalan language.

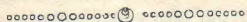
Bishop Claret retained his position as confessor to the Queen until her recognition of the government of United Italy, after the revolution of 1868, when he resigned and went at once to the side of the Holy Father. He was commanded to return, however, with faculties to absolve the Queen from the censure she had incurred. In 1869 he retired in order to prepare for the Vatican Council, but was obliged, for reasons of health, to go to Prade, in France, whither he was followed by the calumniators from whom he had suffered for the greater part of his life. From there he went to the Cistercian Abbey at Frontfroide, Narbonne, where he died in 1870.

His remains were transferred to Vich in 1897, when his heart was found to be still incorrupt. Since then, his grave has been a centre of pilgrimage, visited constantly by large numbers of pilgrims.

The rapid growth of the congregation which he founded has already been referred to. It began, as did so many others, with a group of fervent priests rallying round a great religious leader, without any formal rules. As its title indicates, it is essentially an active Order, carrying on its work in a spirit of special devotion to the Immaculate Heart of Mary.

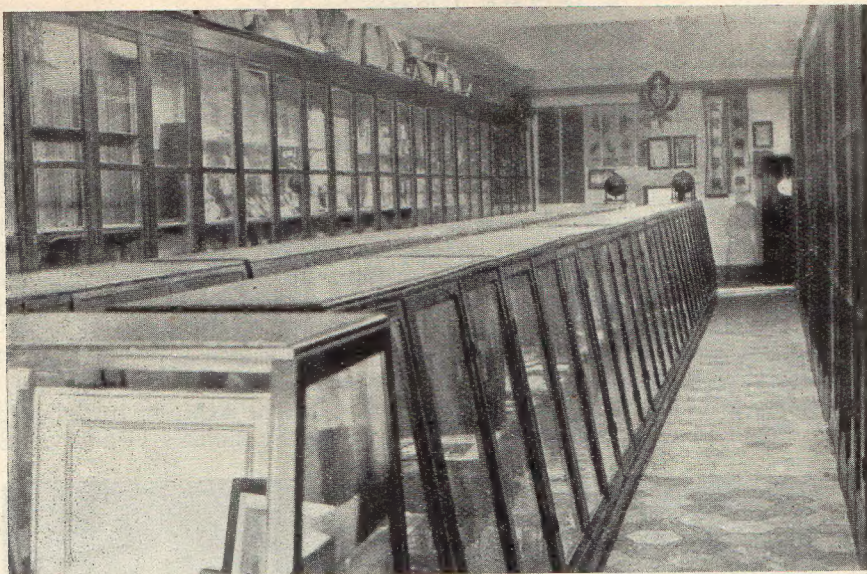
Although there has not been, up to the present, any house of the Congregation in Ireland, its spirit and its special devotion makes an instant appeal to Irish hearts. There are two houses in England. One, founded in 1912, is at Hayes, Middlesex, in the Archdiocese of Westminster. It is the British headquarters of the Claretian Fathers, and it is there that the General, Father Maroto, is staying during his visitation. The other house, founded as recently as 1927, is at Loughton, Essex, in the diocese of Brentwood.

Foreign missions are an essential part of the work of the Congregation. As might be expected from its history and that of its founder, its most important mission fields are in South America. It is interesting to reflect that its martyrs have met their deaths not in the savage lands of the missions, but in the civilised homeland which gave the Order birth.



Your attention is directed to the Special Notice regarding the "Cross Annual" which appears on p. 280 of this issue. Please order your copy to-day!





MUSEUM OF ST. PAUL OF THE CROSS, ROME.  
General view of the exhibits.

## A Passionist ~ Museum

.....OO.....  
REV. FR. EDMUND, C.P.

.....  
*At the Passionist Retreat of the Scala Santa, Rome, is established a little-known museum, containing much historical material. It illustrates the Passionist contribution to the work of the Universal Church* :: :: :: ::  
.....

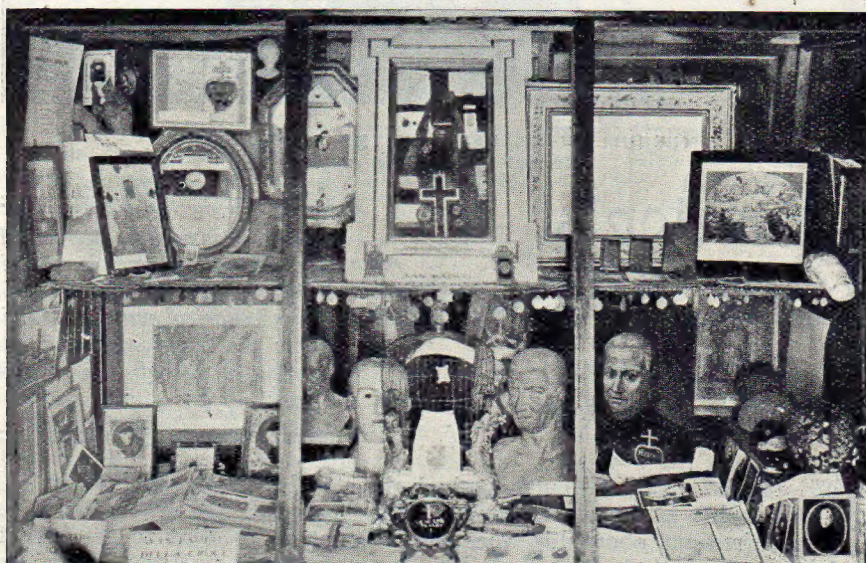
ONE of the great difficulties which besets the writer of history or the biographer is the search for authentic material. If the author is really conscientious about his work, he will not be content to take his facts from other writers, but will check his conclusions and authenticate his work from original sources. Only those who have attempted such a work—even in a small way—are in a position to judge the tedium and the labour which this research work often entails. Matters are very much simplified when the inquirer is able to consult in a library or a museum the sources which he requires, and with these facilities he is able to collate his information at first-hand.

Rome is, of course, a vast repository of such facilities. It abounds in museums of sacred and profane art; its libraries and galleries are a place of pilgrimage for savants from every corner of the world. Amongst the more modest collections, which are at the same time full of first-rate historical material, is one which has special interest for members of the Passionist Congregation—and doubtless also for readers of *The Cross*. This is the "Museum of St. Paul of the Cross," established at the Roman Retreat of the Scala Santa, and presided over by its founder and organiser, Fr. Emidio, C.P.

The story of the origin of this museum is rather interesting. As far back as 1900, Fr. Emidio—then newly-ordained and stationed at the Retreat of Sant' Angelo, Vetralla—entertained the idea of collecting everything he could lay his hands upon which could throw light upon the origin and growth of the Passionist Congregation. The project was approved of by his Superiors, and within a few



years Fr. Emidio had accumulated a varied collection of widely-diversified exhibits. When he was transferred to the Retreat of Scala Santa in Rome, he sought and obtained permission to establish his museum there on a more or less permanent basis. Owing to lack of space, however, and the absence of other facilities, Fr. Emidio was unable to arrange or to display the collection in a suitable fashion. Various Superiors encouraged him to continue his pioneer work, and lent valuable assistance. The present Fr. General, Most Rev. Fr. Titus, C.P., then Provincial of the Presentation Province, gave official and public approval to the Museum in 1920; whilst seven years later, Most Rev. Fr. Leo, C.P.—now Apostolic Delegate to India—having paid a visit of inspection to the Museum, recognised its manifest utility and encouraged Fr. Emidio to continue the good work. In the end, patience and perseverance overcame every obstacle. A large hall, seventy feet long by about twenty feet wide was allotted to the Museum, and suitable glass-fronted display-cases allowed the various exhibits to be properly viewed. Finally, in May, 1933, the General of the Passionists visited the Scala



#### RELICS OF THE FOUNDER OF THE PASSIONISTS.

The various objects are described in this article.

Santa and formally inaugurated the "Museum of St. Paul of the Cross."

Just a week later, the present writer had the privilege of visiting this Museum and of inspecting its varied contents. We feel sure that an account of the more important exhibits will prove of interest to our readers.

Naturally, a very important place is devoted to St. Paul of the Cross, Founder of the Passionists. It would be quite an impossible task to gather together in one place all the various personal relics of the Saint. Many of them are preserved in SS. John and Paul, in the room in which he died—notably the large mission-crucifix which he used on his missions, and of which many prodigies are recorded in his "Life." Others are kept at Ovada, his birth-place; and a large number are also preserved at Vetralla, where he lived for many years. A glance at the illustration will show, however, that many historic items are on view. Here are autograph letters together with official documents bearing the signature of St. Paul of the Cross. One of the badges or "signs" which he used, the Mass-charts from the altar where he celebrated the Holy Sacrifice, and various objects



of devotion and personal relics are also on view. To the right of the picture may be seen some round objects of varying size : these are cannon-balls picked up on Monte Argentaro, which—as readers of his “Life” will recollect—was the scene of protracted sieges during his sojourn there. A bird-cage in the centre of the case may seem rather an incongruous object. This was used at the canonisation of the Saint in 1867, and was one of three containing the customary offerings presented by the Postulator on that historic occasion. They contained respectively, pigeons, turtle-doves and little birds of various species. A large framed photograph on the left shows the statue of St. Paul of the Cross in St. Peter's Basilica in one of the niches allotted to Founders of religious orders ; whilst an album of photographs contains pictures of churches and chapels dedicated in honour of the Saint in various parts of the world. In iconography, the exhibit is particularly representative, for here one may see pictures and medals of the Saint, bearing inscriptions in most European languages, including Italian, French, English, Dutch, German, Spanish, Portuguese and Polish.



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE MUSEUM.

On the right is portion of the ethnographical collection; on the left, instruments of penance, etc.

Another exhibit of unusual interest, pointed out with just pride by the zealous curator as one of his greatest treasures, is a large and artistically-ornamented bronze mortar or vessel. Its history is a strange one, indeed ! Early in his missionary career, St. Paul of the Cross came to preach a mission in Pitigliano, a town in which, by all accounts, the grace of a mission was sadly needed. Next door to the church there lived a chemist, who was a man of bad reputation and of evil life. He ridiculed the idea of a mission and scoffed at the invitation to repentance. Moved to fury at the sight of the crowds attending the mission, he assembled five or six of his boon companions, and as soon as the sermon commenced the whole gang commenced to beat with hammers upon the mortar, and created such a din that not a word could be heard. The Saint sent out a messenger to request them to stop, at least until the devotions were over. They returned the insolent answer that “they were in their own house and could do whatever they liked.” The Saint was silent for a few



minutes and raised his eyes to heaven in prayer. Then he announced publicly from the mission-platform : " Let those people take good care of themselves for God will surely punish them ! " And so indeed it happened, for the very next day, one of them fell dead in the street, whilst five others died soon afterwards in shocking circumstances, one after the other. As for the chemist, St. Paul's other prophecy was fulfilled to the letter. He had said : " That shop will remain open, but he will not be in it ! " And, in fact, the unfortunate man went bankrupt shortly afterwards ; the shop was sold up and he quitted the town and died in abject want. The historic mortar remained in the shop, and its present worthy occupant, Signor Angelo Corti, recently presented it to the Bishop, Mgr. Amilcari Battistelli, C.P., with the request that it be sent to the Museum of St. Paul of the Cross. The Bishop's letter of authentication guarantees that this is indeed the identical mortar, mentioned by the Saint's biographers.

The bibliographical section of the Museum, which is acknowledged to be far from complete, contains more than 3,000 volumes written by members of the Passionist Congregation, including the first one, printed in 1767, and bearing the approbation of St. Paul of the Cross. There is also a complete collection of all the periodicals published in many languages and in many different countries by the Passionists. And for the benefit of our readers, we may add that *The Cross* has a place of honour in the collection.

Another section of special interest is the ethnographical collection from the Foreign Missions of the Passionists. This includes many gifts, donated by missionaries in Bulgaria, China, Peru, Belgian Congo, Tanganyika, and India. Native costumes and household utensils, pagan idols and images, mourning banners from China, maps showing the extent and development of missionary work, photographs of schools, churches, chapels—in a word, everything necessary for the historian of the Passionist Missions is neatly indexed, catalogued and displayed for the benefit of visitors. This rich collection well illustrates the comment of Most Rev. Fr. Titus, who remarked that although the Museum has been established in Rome, it is for the benefit and use of the whole Passionist Congregation, and is at the disposal of anyone who wishes to study the Passionist contribution to the work of the Universal Church.

The photographic section is unusually large and of exceptional variety. One or more volumes is devoted to each Province of the Congregation : the varied contents include pictures of the various Retreats in every part of the world, groups and individual photographs, of more than passing interest. One group that attracted my attention was that of a number of young Italian soldiers. They were all Passionist students and novices, conscripted during the War ! Here too, were many holy Passionists who died in the odour of sanctity, Fr. Norbert, who was Director of St. Gabriel during his student-days, Fr. Germano, confessor and spiritual-director of Blessed Gemma Galgani, and many others. Another section is devoted to those distinguished Passionists who have been elevated to the Hierarchy since the foundation of the Congregation.

Neither must we omit to mention an important display of material relating to Passionist Saints and Beati, and to those Servants of God whose Cause for Beatification is already being considered. St. Gabriel of Our Lady of Sorrows, Blessed Vincent Strambi and Blessed Gemma Galgani claim pride of place here ; but much may also be found relating to Ven. Fr. Dominic, who founded the Passionists in Belgium and in England ; to Fr. Charles of St. Andrew, whose name will ever be linked with that of Mount Argus, premier foundation of the Passionists in Ireland ; to Galileo Nicolini, Fr. John Baptist, brother of St. Paul of the Cross, and many others whose names are familiar to readers of *The Cross*.

It would be too tedious to recount in detail all the contents of this unique





**FR. EMIDIO, C.P., ABOUT TO BROADCAST OVER THE RADIO.**

This distinguished Passionist, founder of the Museum of St. Paul of the Cross, broadcasts a Conference on the Passion from Rome on the last Friday of each month.

Museum. The mission activity of the Passionists, the chief work of the Congregation, is fully documented and illustrated. This section includes types of mission-crosses erected during the missions and retreats, specimens of posters, hand-bills, programmes, souvenir-leaflets *et hoc genus omne*. A special case is reserved for instruments of penance used in the Congregation, including many personal relics of holy Passionists. Here the curious visitor may observe disciplines of cord or chain, knotted girdles of wire or cord, and other penitential objects.

One would imagine that Fr. Emidio has quite enough to do to look after and arrange his immense collection. But he is a man of wide culture and versatile accomplishment. One of his great hobbies is the radio, which has absorbed his attention for many years. If the visitor is interested, Fr. Emidio will show a picture of the Scala Santa Retreat, with a wireless mast and antennae which dates—if we remember rightly—as far back as 1908. Even in those early years, Fr. Emidio was attracted by Marconi's wonderful work, and conducted his own independent researches into the mysteries of the radio world. Since 1933, Fr. Emidio regularly broadcasts a conference on the Passion over the Italian E.I.A.R. system on the last Friday of each month. To date, he has been "on the air" more than forty times, and his "fan-mail" includes letters from Italians in many parts of the world, who write to express their appreciation of these beautiful and inspiring lectures in their mother-tongue.

Nor does this exhaust the list of his activities. He has been for many years Editor of *Il Crocifisso*, the Passionist periodical published by the Fathers of the Presentation Province. And over and above all this, he leads the prayerful, penitential life of a Passionist in the Retreat of the Scala Santa. He is now in his fifty-ninth year, and we all pray that he may long be spared to continue his active and fruitful career as a true and devoted son of St. Paul of the Cross, to whose honour and glory, under God, he has devoted his life and his energies.



# The Re-maker of Portugal

..... (6) .....

“Devoted to God and Statistics”

.....  
*Attention has lately been drawn to the wonderful work of reconstruction accomplished by the Premier of Portugal, Dr. Oliviera Salazar. A correspondent sketches for us here the main achievements of this great Catholic Statesman.*  
.....

IN a few years, Dr. Oliviera Salazar, the Premier of Portugal, has achieved what other statesmen find difficult of accomplishment. He has led his country out of disorder and misery to days of peace and prosperity. Almost unknown, he works untiringly for the good of his people and country. “We need men to govern who will work, work, work, ruthlessly, tirelessly, as long as one woman hungers or one child cries with cold,” he has said, and so he does.

Unlike other dictators, he is very shy and hates publicity. It is very seldom that he appears in public, or interviews anyone, though he is always ready to attend to written complaints. He lives quietly with his sister, and even has a printed form for refusing invitations. At first he was bitterly criticised for not giving up this secluded life when he became the leader of the country, but gradually the people came to realise the simplicity and modesty that makes him shrink from public ostentation.

The rise to power of Salazar has been meteoric, in spite of the fact that he did not seek the advancement that brought him to the position he now occupies. Born and brought up in a small village, he attended the village school and, because of the promise he showed, was sent by the parish priest to a Catholic College nearby. There he proved to be a brilliant pupil, and was awarded a scholarship to the University. With that help, the peasant's son was able to realise his dream of one day being a teacher himself, and it is still his title of Professor of Economics and Finance that he values most.

At the time when he was leader of the Catholic Centre Party, the Military Dictatorship called him into the Council as Minister of Finance. The country was in a state near bankruptcy, and the finances were in a very bad way. He consented reluctantly, but because he was unambitious, and not a politician, he was given a free hand. He worked what was almost a miracle, for in two years he produced a surplus in the budget, which had shown a deficit as long as anyone could remember.

In 1932, he was elected Premier, and recognised as leader all over the country. Thereupon he undertook a total reform of the character and administration of the whole Republic. He dissolved the various parties. His own, the Catholic Centre, he obliged to retire from politics and concern itself with Catholic Action, which is strictly non-political. The army, which had been an instrument of party strife, gave no more trouble with the suppression of the party system. He realised that the security of a government depended on the making of good laws, so he gave the country a new Constitution, which embraces many of the features of the *Quadragesimo Anno*.

This Constitution makes Portugal a Christian Corporate State. Its basic principle is that sovereignty resides in the nation. The State has no right to extinguish the rights of persons and the family. The head of the Government is responsible to the nation, not to Parliament. The administrative machine has been cut down to a minimum and salaries standardised. The secular power of the Church has been lessened, but its spiritual authority in all matters of State re-established.

In spite of this free Constitution, there is still a censorship of the Press. Dr. Salazar has his reasons. “The newspaper is the mental foodstuff of society,



and it must be kept pure like other foodstuffs. Journalists may resent that this should be committed to police officials, but the remedy is within themselves." If journalists, in spite of having every opportunity of seeing what is going on in the Government, choose to circulate rumours, there is nothing else to be done. When they show more responsibility, the censorship of the Press will be left to the Press.

Salazar is a financial expert. Throughout the bad years he has kept the budget balanced; and he has induced the people to cut down their pleasures and ease and to save. The savings have been put into works of reconstruction. New roads and railways have been built, as well as over a thousand new schools to which the Crucifix has once more been restored. The water-power of the country has been harnessed, because he holds that small properties can be built on water. His purpose is to diffuse property and to strengthen the small owners, giving them hope and opportunity, and thus developing the virtues of steady and responsible citizenship.

He fosters institutions like the National Theatre, that help to lift the mental life of the people, though he has said that "it is foolish to worry about a man's coat, when he still lacks a shirt." Portugal is almost self-sufficient, because any surplus in industry goes to the colonies which supply the raw material. She is independent of foreign markets, and has no foreign loans. Further, Salazar has rid his country of Masonic and Marxist influence.

Above all, Oliviera Salazar is a son of the people. He retains the characteristics of the peasant, simple, unspoilt and hardworking. He rests on the common folk, and is loved by them. "Cities there must be," he says, "yet we in the offices and universities are defective in our knowledge, if we do not know the real national life, which is in the fields, the factories, the workshops." And again: "I am only a poor professor, and when my country does not want me, I can take the train home to my village."

One of his finest characteristics is his love of the Catholic Church. He is very devout, and toils in austere poverty, seeking nothing for himself. "Devoted to God and Statistics" as someone has described him, and it suits him very well.

We may dislike the idea of a dictatorship, such as that of Hitler, Mussolini or Stalin. But it is the one man who, by subduing the wills of the conflicting parties, manages to get things done. The days of party rule are said to be over, and there cannot be much said against a dictatorship such as that in Portugal. Of it, Jacques Bainville wrote: "This dictatorship has imposed itself without violence, by the loyalty and fairness of its methods, by the real prosperity and service it has rendered to Portugal at the very moment when the whole world was in the throes of crisis. It is the most honest, the most wise, and the most balanced dictatorship in Europe, as well as the most exacting in its application of principles."

It may well be that in future ages, when the men of whom we hear so much now have been forgotten, Oliviera Salazar will be honoured as the inaugurator of a Catholic culture which will be an inspiration to State life of the future.

ooooooooooooo(oo)ooooooooooooo

## Evening

Thy peace is here apparent, folded full  
Between each ridge of earth, and it lies deep  
Ingrained among a myriad grappling roots;  
Too loud with Thee all things a silence keep.

Thou'rt manifold from purple distances;  
Each twig and twining blade's a-throb with Thee  
Hushed at the heart of every dreaming hill:  
Desire hath drunk Thee to satiety.

LIAM BROPHY



# Justice for All

JOHN ST. P. COWELL

*"Justice for all!" Diana thought bitterly. The very title seemed to mock her. What would she say? How would she face Ferguson? She couldn't say that she . . .*

*R*AT-tat-tat.

"Twenty past six, Miss."

"Thank you very much. I'll be down in a few minutes."

Diana Taylor was already up. She had slept very little, and had counted each hour by the chiming of the church clock throughout the night. It was not that she was not tired; she was overtired if anything. That awful man, Ferguson, had kept them working until half-past one that morning, after which she had to walk to her "digs." He had even demanded that they catch the 7.30 a.m. from King's Cross on that Sunday morning in order to allow for further work when they reached Upton that afternoon.

"A lot of blithering fools," he had called them. "I'll rehearse you until I drop with exhaustion, but I'll get you to do what I want or know the reason why." It was a frightful threat, and the prospect made her shiver. Surely they needed a little relaxation and rest before the opening night.

"Lordy, lordy," sighed Diana, as she hurriedly packed her traps and went over in her mind the terrible events of the last few days. It all seemed like a nightmare. She must make a violent effort in the train this morning to master that speech of hers in the last Act. Ferguson had already made an exhibition of her twice about it. "Ah well" she sighed again, as she scampered down the stairs.

Diana Taylor was an actress. Sometimes it thrilled her to consider that fact. Although it was her first professional show and her part was not a very big one, still for all that she was an actress. She had had her warning. Her parents had done their best to dissuade her, but all to no use. Hadn't the producer, that same demon, Ferguson, said, when she appeared for audition: "Good, my girl! It's a case of: Diana Taylor for the stage and the stage for Diana Taylor!" Even if Ferguson had never made that promising remark, the glamour of the footlights had captured Diana, and she felt she could never withstand it.

She was not complaining; she had brought it all on herself and she would face it now for better or for worse. Things had been ever so interesting up to the last three or four days when the play "Justice for All" had entered upon its last stages of rehearsal. It was only then that Ferguson had suddenly become desperately temperamental. Sometimes she thought he had good reason. For her own part she was definitely shaky on her lines in the last Act, and this was the eve of the opening performance.

Another big worry had cropped up this morning, and one about which her mother had often warned her before she left home. Diana was a Catholic, and this was Sunday morning, with only the 7 a.m. Mass at which she could hope to be present and a train at 7.30 which it was absolutely imperative for her to catch. True there was a later train to Upton, but then Ferguson was rehearsing them on the train and on the stage of the Princes' Theatre that afternoon and evening, and it would be more than her job was worth to miss those rehearsals.

During her hasty breakfast she decided to confide in her landlady, Mrs. Fisher. She, poor old creature, was a Catholic of Irish stock who had to depend for a living on the patronage of sometimes doubtful members of the theatrical profession. Her joy was obvious when she discovered Miss Taylor to be a Catholic too.



"What should I do, Mrs. Fisher?" asked Diana, after quickly unfolding her circumstances.

"Oh! go to Mass to be sure," said Mrs. Fisher. "Even if you have to miss the train and get the later one. Surely, when you tell the boss it was on account of going to Mass. . . ."

"It would only be like a red rag to a bull I'm sure," said Diana, with an eye on the clock that ruthlessly ticked the valuable minutes away.

"Never mind child! Mass at any cost. Surely to God the man has some spark of consideration in him, if he has no religion?" It seemed a strange state of affairs to Mrs. Fisher.

"It's no good! I'd never manage it—and with my cases too." Diana was becoming breathless as people sometimes do when they are trying to make up their minds and are tied for time.

Mrs. Fisher compromised. Anything rather than see the girl miss Mass.

"I'll come with you and carry one of the cases, and we'll come out immediately after the blessing and hope for the best."

Diana was influenced by the motherly persuasion, but she dreaded missing that train. She could but badly concentrate upon her prayers during Mass, and her mind was full of Ferguson and missing her train. His visage seemed stamped upon everything, and she was almost certain that he was kneeling two seats in front of her. She decided it was only her imagination; that awful producer man was getting on her nerves.

Mass over, the desperate rush for the railway station began. "Five minutes' walk" Mrs. Fisher had said, but it seemed more like twenty-five that morning. Diana felt that by herself she would have made much better progress. The woman for all her kindness, was but a hindrance. She begged her to let her go ahead alone, so hurriedly saying good-bye, she ran on with her two cases.

She heard the whistle of an engine in the distance as she approached the station, but then King's Cross is King's Cross—an extremely busy station, even at this early hour on a Sunday morning—and then railway engines have a habit of taunting you by whistling when you're rushing to catch them. Diana reached the station and flew up the flight of steps to the booking office and platform. Fortunately she had her ticket—supplied by the management of "Justice For All."

"Upton train, which way?" she enquired of the checker.

"Cross the bridge, turn left, platform No. 5," he answered brusquely.

Everybody seemed to get in her way as she dived and darted through the early morning Sunday trippers. She arrived at platform No. 5, which looked more as if a train were expected at any moment rather than as if one were about to leave. Could it be possible? She dared not think and after all that rush too.

"The Upton train, please?" She shouted her enquiry to the first official-looking person she saw in a peaked cap.

"Sorry. Taxi-man, Miss," he answered coldly.

"Upton?" A nearby porter showed some recognition. "Next train 11.15. You've missed the 7.30 by five minutes."

Diana felt ill. She just managed to utter "Thank you!" The worst had happened in spite of her great effort. She wanted to lie down and cry with despair. Why had she gone to Mass when she knew it was going to leave her such a narrow margin of time to catch that train? Still, she shouldn't say that, it wasn't right of her. Mrs. Fisher was right when she said: "Mass at any cost." Well, it would be to her cost all right; she would probably lose her job.

She dragged her weary self across to a seat, and there she decided to remain until the next train. She hardly knew whether it was even worth her while going to Upton at all. Ferguson would be in such a rage when he missed her. The rehearsal would go on and somebody would have to stand in for her. It was a ten-to-one chance he would wire some of his London friends to go and do



her part at a moment's notice. Her career ruined right at the outset. She bit her lips in an effort not to cry.

"Upton?" It was that porter answering another late-comer, and he was growing less patient too. "Of course it's gone—and for the past ten minutes too. It's scheduled for 7.30, sir." A disappointment for somebody else as well, but what of it; it was nothing to her disappointment. She pictured the "Justice For All" company rehearsing their parts on that elusive train and Ferguson raving about her absence. "Justice for all!" she thought. The very title seemed to mock her in her present situation. What would she say? How would she face old Ferguson? She couldn't say that she . . .

"What! You left, too?"

She looked up in astonishment. It was Ferguson!

"Yes, Mr. Ferguson." Diana was completely taken by surprise.

"Have all the rest gone?" he enquired, as he sat down on the seat. He seemed to be in a distinctly happier frame of mind this morning, or so it appeared to her, though she could see no reason for it.

"As far as I know" she answered quietly. It seemed so strange to be talking in so friendly a fashion to the producer who a few hours previously was meting out such menacing threats and promises.

"Well, I'm glad it's you who has been left behind now that I've missed the train myself." He wasn't the same Ferguson. "Look here, girlie," he went on, "I want to talk to you seriously about that part you're doing. You are not living it as you should and as I know you're capable of doing. Mind, I'd have thrown you out long ago, but I know you have big things in front of you. You will have to apply yourself."

Diana felt like a child being scolded, and yet she was utterly relieved. She wondered what tyrant it was she had been fleeing from. Surely not this paternal-like man beside her.

"Get out that script and have a shot at your Act Three speech." He clearly meant business. "And by the way, how was it that you missed the train? Sleeping too much, I suppose. Remember you'll have to sacrifice more than a few minutes' sleep for your profession."

She dared not tell him the truth. She was the only Catholic in the company, as far as she knew, and she thought it better to keep the fact to herself. She had heard one member dub Catholics "a church-running sect." So it didn't look as if it would do her any good to have her religion known.

"It was really foolish of me to give the train-call so early." Ferguson blaming himself! This was too much. "I should have given it for 11.15 and given everybody time for church," he went on. "I had an awful rush to get here from the church myself, and then to miss the train after it all."

"Were you at All Saints by any chance?" ventured Diana, by way of conversation.

"Yes," and he looked at her quizzically, "All Saints, Westbourne Street."

She nodded in assent. It was too marvellous. Ferguson a Catholic. "Then we're both Catholics," she added with a certain joy.

He looked at her again enquiringly, but she anticipated him.

"Yes, I was at Mass this morning" she said assuringly, "and that's what kept me late."

"Then we're most certainly birds of a feather," he laughed. "And now to the Third Act speech. You know, little girl, I'm going to make you a great star one day."







THE CHURCH OF ST. CECILIA.

Built in the ninth century by Pope Paschal I. on the ruins of an earlier church.

## Some Churches of Rome

### XI. Santa Cecilia

REV. VICTOR MANN

*The story of St. Cecilia is well known throughout the whole Christian world. Her house, in which she suffered martyrdom, was converted into a basilica. The present church, built in the ninth century, occupies the same site.*

A SERIES of articles on the churches of Rome would be very incomplete without a description of the Church of Saint Cecilia; for this is one of the most ancient and historical basilicas, and is dedicated to a saint whose story is well known throughout the whole Christian world. Cecilia was born of a noble Roman family, that of the Cecillii, and like her mother, was a Christian. Her father married her to a pagan, Valerian, who with his brother Tiburtius, was won over to the Faith by her example, and all three received the crown of martyrdom. Valerian and Tiburtius suffered first. Cecilia was ordered to be suffocated in the bath in her own house, or that of Valerian, and when she was found to be still alive, sentence of death by beheading was passed on her. The executioner struck three blows which failed to do their work completely, and, according to the Roman law, no further action could be taken. Cecilia lingered three days, during which time she bequeathed her house to the Pope for the service of God. After her death, Cecilia was buried in the catacomb of St. Callistus, near the Crypt of the Popes. This was about the year 230.

Because the legend of St. Cecilia refers to angel voices heard singing at her death the Saint has always been the traditional Patroness of church music. From this has arisen the idea that St. Cecilia herself was a practising musician, and later pictures of her depict her with various musical instruments, including



the organ. As I write I have a reproduction of Van Eyck's panel before me. It shows St. Cecilia in a very richly-embroidered robe sitting at a fifteenth-century Gothic organ, surrounded by angels, some singing, some playing stringed instruments. It is to be noted that, although the organ is included among the celestial orchestra, there is neither swell organ nor vox humana in the specification. Church organists would do well to remember this.

We come now to the history of the Basilica itself. The church occupies the place where stood, and in part still stands, the house of Valerian, the husband of St. Cecilia. Actually the paternal of the Ceciliis was in another part of the city; tradition says near the Theatre of Balbus and the Porticus of Octavia, and a Church of the Home of St. Cecilia is known to have been here in the twelfth century. Pope St. Urban consecrated the home of Valerian and the scene of St. Cecilia's death as a private chapel about the year 230. Then it became a public church, under the title of the Church of St. Cecilia. It is first mentioned



**THE CHURCH OF ST. CECILIA.**

The proportions have been marred by injudicious restorations.

among the signatures of the Acts of the Council held under Pope St. Symmachus in the year 499. A later reference is found in the life of Pope Vigilius, that this saintly Pope was captured and taken to his death whilst celebrating in the Basilica of St. Cecilia in 538. The Pope was celebrating the Feast-day of St. Cecilia—22nd November. St. Gregory the Great made this Basilica one of the Lenten Stations at the end of the sixth century. In the ninth century the church was in ruins, and here ends the first chapter of the history.

So far we have been referring to the older church, that is to the house of St. Cecilia, which was converted into a basilica. Remains of this church are still to be found under the present church, which was built on the ruins by Pope Paschal I in the ninth century. It was this Pope, who in 821, found the body of St. Cecilia in the catacomb of St. Callistus, and brought it, together with the bodies of St. Valerian and St. Tiburtius to the Basilica.



To build the present church much of St. Cecilia's house had to be destroyed. It was possible to preserve the bath in which the Saint suffered, and this was transformed into an oratory. There are traces still to be seen of the hot-water pipes in the oratory.

Further restorations in the ninth and twelfth centuries took place. Some of the mosaics and mural paintings of this period are still to be seen. In 1283 the High Altar was renewed. Later, in 1599, Cardinal Sfondrato, Titular Cardinal of the Basilica, had the tomb opened, and found the body of St. Cecilia just as it had been left by Pope Paschal I. The cardinal invited Carlo Maderna, the great sculptor, to make a white marble copy of the body as it lay in the sepulchre, and this statue lies beneath the High Altar, with an inscription dictated by Cardinal Sfondrato: "Behold the body of the most holy virgin Cecilia, whom I myself saw lying incorrupt in her tomb. I have in this marble expressed the identical posture of her body." This statue is exceedingly beautiful, and is to be found multiplied in all the repositories in Rome in marble and alabaster. A life-size reproduction has been placed, I understand, by a devout American, in the spot where the martyr's body was found in the catacomb of St. Callistus.

Later restorations in the 18th and early 19th centuries can safely be judged to be iniquitous. In 1725, Cardinal Acquaviva changed the ancient beam roof, a distinctive feature in the Roman Basilica, into the present wooden vaulted roof. It was feared that this new superstructure would prove too heavy for the original columns, and these basilican features were buried in plaster. Cardinal Rampolla did all that was possible to restore the church to its original basilican form when he undertook the most recent restorations, 1899-1901, but found it impossible to denude the columns because the previous restorer, Cardinal Doria, had bored holes in them to give the plaster a grip.

Let us now turn to the illustrations. The front of the church is seen from the atrium, of which little remains. On the left is the Convent of the White Benedictine Nuns. The portico is formed by a mixed collection of pillars, above which is a fascinating narrow frieze in mosaic arabesque, with six small heads of saints dating from the ninth century. Cardinal Acquaviva has written his name large above this—he was one of the renovators who did so much to ruin the ancient basilican form of the church. The buildings on the right of the atrium are also of the ninth century, and the bell-tower is of the twelfth. Further round to the right, and off the picture, is one of the two canthari, or huge vases, where worshippers washed before entering the church.

The second illustration, showing the interior, gives an idea of the splendid proportions of the mediaeval church; but it is difficult to recognise the basilican shape, hidden as it is beneath the terrible renovations of Cardinal Acquaviva (see the roof) and Cardinal Doria (see the square pilasters which conceal the original pillars). Above the arches the reader will notice what seem to be dark panels, some circular, some elongated. These are grills, and behind them the Benedictine Sisters perform their devotions unseen. In the centre of the picture is the canopied High Altar above the tomb of Saints Cecilia, Valerian, and Tiburtius. At the back of the Altar there is the usual apse, with the bishop's throne. Above, but not visible in the picture, are mosaics of the ninth century. There are two paintings on canvas, with gilt frames, high up on each side of the arch. These are always found in the titular churches, and always seem incongruous among the other decorations. They represent the reigning pontiff and the cardinal who takes his title from the church. It will be observed that this photograph was taken during the pontificate of Leo XIII, which will account for the fact that the inferior decoration round the wall of the apse is still shown. This was replaced by Cardinal Rampolla with a veneer of coloured marbles in 1901.

To sum up. St. Cecilia is a church spoiled, but still of great interest, and on that account should certainly be visited by all pilgrims to Rome.





ST. CECILIA, MARTYR.

The famous statue by Maderna, which shows the body of the Saint as it was found in 1599.

The Second Nun's Tale, in Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, written about 1338, would form a very interesting supplement to this article. But the poem is very long—there are more than four hundred lines in it. It is a wonderful metrical version of the story of Saint Ceeyle, and contains all that was known of the saint. Chaucer must have been a very devout Catholic, and must have read the Latin lives of the saint written by the Archbishops of Genoa and Verona, and also the *Acta Sanctorum*, for he gives an almost literal translation of some of the passages. The final stanza (from Professor Skeat's Modern English version) shows the loving fidelity with which Chaucer treats the subject :

“ St. Urban with his deacons secretly  
The body fetched, and buried it by night  
Amongst his other saints full honourably.  
Her house became Cecilia's church aright ;  
St. Urban hallowed it, as best he might.  
Where Christians, to this day, with service true,  
To Christ and to His Saints give honour due.”

.....O.....

## Miserere!

Mercy ! Mercy ! Lord, we pray,  
Help the souls we love, to-day,  
*Miserere !*

Holy Mother Church doth plead,  
Suffering children succour need,  
*Miserere !*

Hearken to this one request,  
Give to them eternal rest,  
*Miserere !*

Gladly would they suffer pain—  
Fire cleansing free from stain,  
*Miserere !*

But to lose Thy Vision Fair  
Loving souls can hardly bear,  
*Miserere !*

Myriads consumed with love  
Faint for sight of God above,  
*Miserere !*

In the Name of Him Who died,  
Scourged for sinners, crucified,  
*Miserere !*

Listen to Thy children's cries,  
Ope the gates of Paradise,  
*Miserere !*

Father, grant to them release,  
Light eternal, perfect peace,  
*Miserere !*

*All Souls' Day, 1936.*

(Rev.) MICHAEL C. BURKE.



# D. R. A. C.

## YOUR ATTENTION PLEASE!

These four letters stand for a French Catholic Organisation, Droits du Religieux Ancien Combattant—The Rights of ex-soldier Priests. Its purpose is to secure the repeal of the anti-religious laws of France, which suppressed the religious communities. At the recent Catholic Exhibition at Lyons, the D.R.A.C. prominently displayed three tablets, given below, showing the rights of priests and nuns in wartime, before the Law and in peace. The figures speak for themselves. Read them!

### I. IN THE WAR

{ THE RIGHT TO LEAVE HOME  
THE RIGHT TO SUFFER  
THE RIGHT TO DIE  
... WITH THEIR COUNTRYMEN.

Chaplains	....	....	They helped and encouraged the living; they consoled and absolved those about to die.
Stretcher-bearers	....	....	They risked their lives to rescue the wounded and to bury the dead.
Red-Cross corps	....	....	They cared for, bandaged and watched over their comrades, in the hospitals, in the ambulances, in the dressing-stations.
Soldiers	....	....	One and all they fulfilled their perilous duties: officers and privates, infantrymen, gunners, airmen and sailors.

#### Golden Book of Sacrifice (1914-1918)

Religious conscripted	....	9,223	Nursing nuns	....	....	16,145
Killed in action	....	1,571	Killed	....	....	375
Mentioned in despatches	....	5,575	Decorated or mentioned in despatches	....	....	4,276

### II. BEFORE THE LAW

{ FORBIDDEN TO LIVE IN COMMUNITY  
FORBIDDEN TO POSSESS PROPERTY  
FORBIDDEN TO TEACH  
... LIKE THEIR COUNTRYMEN.

#### The Wagram Pledge

(Approved by the elected delegates of 1,500,000 ex-soldiers of France)

"All ex-soldiers of France (members of religious orders included) having enjoyed equality during the war, in the face of misery, suffering and death, all (members of religious orders included) should equally enjoy in time of peace the same rights and the same liberty . . ."

#### Text of the Law

(Formulated and forwarded officially to the Ministry of Pensions by the ex-soldiers of France)

"From the promulgation of the present law, No. 3 of the law of 1st July, 1901, and the law of 7th July, 1904, shall no longer be applicable to those who hold the inter-allied medal or a *carte du combattant*."

#### Golden Book of Persecution (1901-1914)

Religious dispersed	....	30,000	Nuns and Sisters dispersed	....	....	55,000
Schools closed	....	16,721	Authorisations sought	....	....	456
Religious forbidden to teach	....	53,309	Authorisations granted	....	....	0

### III. IN TIME OF PEACE

{ THE RIGHT TO PRAY  
THE RIGHT TO OFFER THEMSELVES  
THE RIGHT TO SACRIFICE THEMSELVES  
... MORE THAN THEIR COUNTRYMEN.

Contemplatives	....	....	They pray, they offer their lives, they make reparation; from their convents radiate detachment, self-sacrifice, peace.
Teachers	....	....	They train youth in piety, virtue and knowledge. They form Christians, good citizens, true men.
Nurses	....	....	They care for the sick and the infirm; they watch over the old, the orphans and the poor.
Missionaries	....	....	They leave home and country to carry to distant lands the light of the Gospel and the charity of Jesus Christ.

#### Golden Book of Charity (French Missions, 1936)

Hospitals, asylums	....	1,530	Universities 3; schools	....	....	13,897
Patients treated annually	....	6,000,000	Pupils	....	....	631,604
Leper hospitals 32; patients	....	3,000	Seminaries 77; pupils	....	....	5,006



“We Preach  
Christ  
Crucified”



“unto them that  
are called . . .  
the power of God and  
the wisdom of God.”

I Cor. I. 25.

NOTE—These two pages, though by no means intended exclusively for members of the Archconfraternity of the Sacred Passion, should be regarded by them as their own special section of *The Cross*.

## CIRCUMSTANCES OF THE PASSION AND CONSEQUENCES.

### XXIII.—JESUS DEFENDED BY PILATE'S WIFE.

When Pilate, vainly seeking for a means of saving Jesus without antagonising the chief priests and councillors, proposed to them the choice between Jesus and Barabbas, there was an interval during which the uncertain multitude in little groups argued the matter out among themselves.

There must have been some in favour of Jesus. It can hardly be possible that all the admirers, who so lately had thronged Him, listening to His words, benefiting by His miracles, acclaiming Him with hosannas, had so soon turned against Him—that could not have been. In Pilate's courtyard there were many under a deep debt of gratitude to Jesus, and Pilate was now giving them a chance of paying those debts by protecting Him. Had they now called out for Jesus, Pilate with his army would have joined them, and they could not only have rescued Jesus, but could have crowned Him King of the Jews.

But in this critical moment they did nothing but talk, and while they were discussing the prudence of interfering, or the best way of doing it, and accomplishing nothing, a woman, a foreigner, was searching her mind to find a means of supporting Pilate and saving Jesus.

Claudia Procula, Pilate's wife, was by birth, as her name testifies, a member of the imperial family of Caesar. It was not unusual to give such royal ladies in marriage to the Governors of Roman provinces; such an alliance ensured the loyalty of the official and added dignity to his position.

Pilate's wife had accompanied him to Judea on his appointment as Governor; their private residence was at Caesarea, a beautiful seaport on the Mediterranean, only a few hours' ride from Jerusalem.

When Pilate officially visited Jerusalem, his wife often came with him and occupied apartments in the Tower of Antonia. She was very much interested in the Jews, and knew and understood them in their social life much better than did her husband. But being a Roman, she had not been invited into the circle of the sacerdotal or Sanhedrim families, and being a virtuous matron of the highest imperial rank, she kept aloof from Jewish royalty as represented by Herod and Herodias and their dissipated, immoral court.

But in the people among whom she moved in kindness, she saw the best of the Jewish religion, and it was so superior to her own, that she had put herself under instruction, and was now a proselyte, that is, a convert under probation before formal reception into the synagogue. But this very interest in religion had drawn her attention to the new development in it, as preached by Jesus; and to His own attractive Personality. Her refined soul had been won by His gentle respect for all who were good, and His patient forbearance with the bad; His love for children; His defence of women and the marriage bond; His fearless speech and conduct towards all classes of men. Not unlikely she knew



something of His Mother, and the holy, unselfish, courageous women who ministered unto Him.

This morning she has heard of His arrest; heard of the night trials; heard of the false witnesses; of the condemnation by the Sanhedrim, and their demand of Pilate to pronounce the death sentence. Possibly she has already talked the matter over with Pilate, and is now watching the progress of the trial from some window overlooking the courtyard.

She knows Pilate, and sees that he is yielding before these relentless, persecuting, prosecuting priests, and she resolves to strengthen him in defence of Jesus. Quickly summoning a trusted servant she despatches him with a message and resumes her place by the window.

Pilate was sitting in the judicial chair on the balcony with Jesus standing beside him, waiting for the Jews to make their choice between Jesus and Barabbas when his wife's message was delivered to him: "Have thou nothing to do with **this just man**; for I have suffered many things this day in a dream because of Him" (Matt. XXVII, 19).

This dream was probably of the same nature as those others recorded in Scripture, wherein God reveals His Will to a chosen servant. At any rate, alone among all that multitude of wicked accusers, false witnesses, ungrateful people and inactive friends, a noble woman, a foreigner, had pity and courage enough to speak in defence of Jesus.

It was the first act of kindness shown to Him in the course of the Passion by anyone except Pilate, and probably it was his wife who had influenced him to it. Had Claudia Procula been allowed to stand beside her husband and stiffen him on the judgment seat, Jesus had been acquitted. But, then, as now, women's power must lie for the most part in the background. She may pray for her men, and exhort them, and brace them beforehand for the encounter, but it is seldom she can follow them into the struggle where the battle is fought out and decided.

But as long as men live who are worthy of the name of men—as long as women strive to make men—as long as men and women love and serve Jesus Christ, and that is to the end of time, so long shall high honour be tendered to Pilate's wife.

#### THEMES FOR THOUGHT.

*What were the friends of Jesus doing, when they were needed here?  
Had they supported Pilate they could have had a favourable verdict.  
But men were afraid, and women were not allowed into the Court.  
One Gentile woman alone, in this crisis, tried to save Jesus.  
That she failed, does not lessen the value of her attempt.  
Her example was followed by other women that day and ever since.*

#### PRAYER.

O Jesus of the gentle, silently-pleading Heart, in Thy hour of need, when Thy friends could have helped Thee, Thou didst find none; it was left to a stranger, a noble woman, a foreigner by birth, nationality and religion, to speak in Thy defence against the malignant enemies who sought Thy destruction.

Grant us, O Lord, in these our critical days, valiant women in whom the heart of humanity can trust. Women of deep religious convictions who love Thee, and use their influence with men to strengthen them in justice and clemency.

Whether in the privacy of home life or in the stress of public affairs, grant our women "to first seek the Kingdom of God and His justice," and thence to instil the virtues of honour, justice, and mercy into men and their institutions.

REV. FR. HUBERT, C.P.

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#### NAMES OF DECEASED.

Sister M. Cecilia Xavier Neville, James Cuffe, Frederick Brady.

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# The Tribunal of Mercy

*The confessional is one of the most powerful moral levers ever designed by a merciful God for raising man from the mire of sin. This is the testimony of a confessor of long experience in the direction of souls :: ::*

## A SECULAR PRIEST

THE principal object of Christ's mission on earth was to restore fallen man to the friendship of God by releasing his soul from the bondage of sin. The very name of Jesus indicates this consoling truth. "Thou shalt call His name Jesus," says the Angel to Joseph, "for He shall save His people from their sins." For, if Jesus had contented Himself with healing the maladies of the body, He would, indeed, deserve to be called our Physician, but would not merit the nobler and more endearing title of Saviour and Redeemer.

A man sick of the palsy, lying on a bed, is brought to Jesus to be restored to health. Our Lord makes the healing of the body subordinate to the cleansing of the soul. He performs a miracle palpable to the senses, that He might win the confidence of the spectators, and compel them to recognize Him as the Physician of the soul. He says to the palsied man: "Son, be of good cheer; thy sins are forgiven thee." Some of the Scribes said within themselves: "This man blasphemeth." And Jesus, knowing their thoughts, said: "Why think ye evil in your hearts? But that ye may know that the Son of man on earth hath power to forgive sins, then saith He to the paralytic: Arise, take up thy bed and go into thy house. And he arose, and departed unto his house."

As much as our spiritual substance excels this flesh which envelops it, so much more did our Saviour value the resurrection of a soul from the grave of sin than the raising of the body from the grave of death. Hence, St. Augustine pointedly remarks that while the Gospel relates only three resurrections of the body, Our Lord, during His mortal life, raised thousands to the life of grace.

As the Church was established by Jesus Christ to perpetuate the work which He had begun, it follows that the reconciliation of sinners from sin to righteousness was to be the principal work of His ministers on earth. This commission is beautifully and concisely expressed by the Apostle in His Epistle to the Corinthians: "God," he says, "hath reconciled us to Himself to us through Christ, and hath given to us the ministry of reconciliation. . . . For Christ, therefore, we are ambassadors, God, as it were, exhorting through us." That is to say, God sent Christ to reconcile sinners; Christ sends us. We are His ambassadors, reconciling sinners in His name. Christ is the living Fountain of Grace; we are but the channels by which it is conveyed to your souls. He is the Treasurer, we are but the agents that carry it, and "we bear this treasure in earthen vessels." Our words sounding in the confessional are but the feeble echo of the voice of the Spirit of God, that purified the Apostles in the Cenacle of Jerusalem.

As the power given by Christ to His Apostles to forgive sins was an extraordinary and unprecedented prerogative, it is set forth in such clear and unmistakable terms as to preclude any room for doubt or misconception.

In the Gospel of St. Matthew Our Lord thus addresses Peter: "Thou art Peter, and on this rock I will build My Church. . . . And I will give unto thee the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven, and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound also in Heaven, and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed also in Heaven." And to all the Apostles assembled together on another occasion He extends the same power in the same forcible language:





### THE TRIBUNAL OF MERCY.

"Thy sins are forgiven thee." Matt, ix.2.

"Whatsoever ye shall bind on earth shall be bound also in Heaven, and whatsoever ye shall loose on earth shall be loosed also in Heaven." The soul is bound and enchained by sin. I give you power, says Our Lord, to release the penitent soul from its galling fetters, and to restore it to the liberty of a child of God.

And in the Gospel of St. John we have a still more precise and striking declaration of the absolving power given by Our Saviour to His Apostles.

Jesus, after His Resurrection, thus addresses His disciples: "Peace be to you. . . . As the Father hath sent Me, I also send you. Receive ye the Holy Ghost. Whose sins ye shall forgive, they are forgiven them, and whose sins ye shall retain, they are retained."

"That peace which I confer on you as the earnest of My love you will impart to repentant sinners as a pledge of their reconciliations with God. The absolving power I have from My Father I delegate to you. Receive the Holy Ghost, that you may impart this Holy Spirit to souls possessed by the evil one.



"If their sins be as scarlet, they shall be made as white as snow, and if they be red as crimson, they shall be white as wool." If they are as numerous as the sands on the seashore, they shall be blotted out, provided they come to you with contrite hearts. The sentence of absolution which you shall pronounce on earth shall be ratified by Me in Heaven. Let me draw from these words of St. John three important conclusions.

*First*—It is evident that the pardoning power given to the Apostles was not restricted to them, but was extended to their successors in the ministry unto all times and places. The forgiveness of sin was to continue as long as sin lasted in the world; and as sin, alas! will always exist on earth, so will the remedy for sin be always found in the Church. The antidote will co-exist with the disease. The power which Our Lord gave the Apostles to preach, to baptize, to confirm, to ordain, was certainly transmitted by them to their successors. Why not also the power that they had received to pardon sins, since man's greatest need is his reconciliation with God by the forgiveness of his transgressions?

*Second*—It is equally evident that absolution for sin was ordinarily to be obtained through the ministry of the Apostles and their successors, just as it was from them that the faithful were to receive the word of God and the grace of the Sacraments. The pardoning power was an extraordinary prerogative conferred upon the Apostles. But it would have been an insignificant and useless privilege if sinners could always obtain forgiveness by secretly confessing to God in their chambers. Rarely would any penitents have recourse to God's ministers if they could obtain pardon on such easy terms. God says to His priests: "I give you the keys of My kingdom, that you may dispense the treasures of mercy to repenting sinners." But the keys of God's treasures would seldom be used if a sinner could obtain a ransom without applying to His ministers.

I have said that the pardon of sin is *ordinarily* to be obtained through the agency of God's ministers, because it sometimes happens that the services of a priest cannot be secured. In such a contingency a merciful God accepts the will for the deed, and does not require more than a hearty sorrow for sin, for His ordinances bind only those who are able to execute them.

*Third*—It follows, also, that the power of forgiving sins on the part of Christ's ministers involves the previous obligation on the part of the penitent of confessing them. The priest is not empowered to give absolution to everyone indiscriminately. His power is judicial, and must be exercised with prudence and discretion. He must reject the impenitent and absolve the contrite. But he cannot judge of the state of the sinner unless he knows his sins; the sins he cannot know unless they are confessed.

Confession seems to be demanded by the cry of nature as it is by the voice of religion. Do we not often read of criminals who have succeeded in eluding their pursuers and escaping the vengeance of the law, yet so incessantly were they pursued by a self-accusing conscience that they sought and found some alleviation of their misery in a voluntary surrender to the officers of justice? They were more tortured by the interior reproach of conscience which haunted them than by the prospect of a judicial sentence of condemnation. In avowing their crime they breathed more freely and shook off an intolerable burden.

If such an acknowledgment affords relief, how tranquillizing to the transgressor is a contrite confession in the tribunal of Penance, where he feels not the iron grasp of avenging justice, but the tender embrace of a father welcoming a prodigal son.

What a contrast presents itself between the criminal court organized in the land for the punishment of offences, and the tribunal of mercy established by Christ in His Church. In the criminal court all the proceedings are carried on in public. They are not only made known to the spectators, but are proclaimed to the world through the agency of the press, which lays bare the crime with all its harrowing details.



Witnesses against the accused are summoned from various directions. The victims of the criminal and their friends testify against him with unrelenting severity. If the accusation is proved, the culprit is condemned to death or imprisonment, according to the gravity of the offence. He is deprived of the privileges of citizenship, and is branded with life-long infamy.

But in the tribunal of mercy the veil of absolute secrecy envelops the accused. His sins are declared only to the minister of God who is forbidden to reveal them even under the penalty of death. The transgressor himself is his only accuser. No other witness can testify against him. He has no court expenses to pay; he has no witnesses to be cited; he has no lawyer to engage to defend his cause. His only advocate is Christ, and the only compensation He demands is an humble and grateful heart.

As soon as he contritely confesses his evil deeds, and says with David: "I have sinned before the Lord," quicker than lightning from Heaven does God's message of pardon come to him as it came to David, when the Prophet Nathan said to him: "The Lord also hath taken away thy sins. Thou shalt not die." He is restored to the friendship of his Heavenly Father; he is reinstated in Christian citizenship, and his lost celestial inheritance is recovered.

It is hardly necessary to add that the absolution given to the penitent does not exonerate him from making restitution as far as he can for any injustice he may have committed, and for repairing the injury he has done to his neighbour. The confessor, instead of relaxing or condoning the claims of justice, is zealous in enforcing them, though the restitution need not involve the penitent's exposure and degradation. I have been personally more than once the agent in making restitution to families and their heirs for acts of injustice of over twenty years standing.

May I be permitted to give the testimony of my own experience on the sanctifying influence of the Sacrament of Penance? Since my ordination, nearly half a century ago, I have been accustomed to hear confessions. I have, therefore, had a fair opportunity of testing the value of this means of grace. And the impressions forced on my mind, far from being peculiar to myself, are shared by every Catholic priest throughout the world who is charged with the care of souls. And the testimony of a few experienced confessors ought, in my estimation, to have more weight in enabling men to judge of the moral tendencies of the sacred Tribunal than the gratuitous assertions of a thousand individuals who have no personal experience of the confessional, but who draw on a heated imagination or on the pages of sensational novels for the statements they advance.

I am persuaded that the confessional is one of the most powerful moral levers ever designed by a merciful God for raising man from the mire of sin. It has more weight in withdrawing people from vice than even the pulpit. In public sermons we scatter the Word of God; in the confessional we reap the harvest. In sermons, to use a military phrase, we fire at random; in the confessional we take a sure aim. The words of the priest go home to the heart of the penitent. In a public discourse the priest addresses the congregation in general, and his words of admonition may apply to very few of his hearers. But his words spoken in the confessional are directed exclusively to the penitent, whose heart is open to receive good counsel. The confessor exhorts the penitent according to his spiritual wants and besetting sins. He is cautioned against the frequentation of dangerous company and other occasions of sin, or he is recommended special practices of piety suitable to his condition. Hence missionaries are accustomed to estimate the fruits of a mission more by the number of penitents who have approached the sacred Tribunal than by the crowds who have listened to their sermons.

Of all the labours that our ministry imposes upon us, there are none more arduous or more irksome than the work of the confessional. It is no easy task



to sit for six or eight hours on a hot summer's day, listening to stories of sin and sorrow and misery; and it is only the consciousness of the immense good he is doing that sustains the confessor in the sacred Tribunal. He "can have compassion on the ignorant and erring, because he himself is also encompassed with infirmity."

I have seen the man whose conscience was laden with the accumulated sins of many years. Upon his countenance were stamped guilt and shame, remorse and confusion. There he stood by the confessional with a downcast mien, ashamed, and like the Publican, to cast his eyes to Heaven. He glided into the little mercy-seat. No human ear will ever learn what there transpired, because the revelations in the confessional are a sealed book.

But during the moments spent with his confessor a resurrection occurred more gracious and miraculous than the raising of Lazarus from the tomb—it was the resurrection of a soul that had long lain worm-eaten from the grave of sin. During those precious moments a ray from Heaven dispelled the darkness and gloom from that self-accuser's mind, and the genial warmth of the Holy Spirit melted his frozen heart, and the purifying influence of the same Spirit that had come upon the Apostles, "like a mighty wind from Heaven," scattered the poisonous atmosphere in which he had lived and filled his soul with Divine grace. And when he came out there was quickness in his movements and joy in his countenance and new light in his eyes. And had you asked him, Why this change? he would have answered: Because I was lost and I am found; having been dead, I am come to life again.

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### Scene of Newman's Conversion

"In a room in this row of cottages at Littlemore," says the *Universe* (25/9/36), "John Henry Newman—afterwards Cardinal—decided to join the Catholic Church. In connection with the Littlemore church centenary celebrations last week-end, the Oxford Preservation Trust affixed a stone tablet to the row of cottages, known as "Newman's College." Representatives of the Catholic Church and the Church of England were consulted about the inscription, which reads: "John Henry Newman, Fellow of Oriel College, Vicar of St. Mary the Virgin, afterwards Cardinal, used this building in the years 1842-6 as a place of retirement, study and prayer."

The cause of truth is best served by fidelity and accuracy. Newman did not merely decide to join the Catholic Church at Littlemore: he was actually received into the Church there, by Ven. Fr. Dominic on a memorable October night in 1845. We have no doubt that the Oxford Preservation Trust is a well-intentioned body. It is a great pity that the "representatives of the Catholic Church," consulted with regard to this inscription, did not insist upon the insertion of this vital fact in the memorial tablet.



# His Retreat

## Diary

By courtesy of  
 "Catholic Times of South Africa"  
 Johannesburg

Week-end enclosed Retreats are becoming increasingly popular in Ireland. To those who have made a Retreat, these notes will be a souvenir. For those who are still hesitating, they answer the unspoken query: "What will it be like?"

The following are some notes taken by one who attended a week-end enclosed Retreat for men. Where the retreat took place, it is not essential to know. As a matter of fact, it was at the Marist Brothers' College, Johannesburg, South Africa. Besides being of interest, they will give some idea of a retreat to those who have so far hesitated to face, what they have so far considered to be, the ordeal of a retreat

**T**O-MORROW this time I shall be "in Retreat." I have been in a Military one but never in a Spiritual one. I wonder what it will be like!

I remember the time, many years ago, when in Bruges, I used to push open one of the leathern doors in the side of *L'Eglise St. Sauveur*, and step out of the daylight into another world, a world imperfectly seen in the "dim religious light" where the long-drawn aisles and fretted vaults disappeared in the mysterious purple gloom, and even the smell of the incense and wax of past centuries gave one a feeling of unutterable peace and a detachment from the world.

Recalling those emotions I thought of "cloistered serenity" and Monastic calm, and pacing cloisters with head bent in meditation and so on and so forth, and wondered if a Spiritual Retreat would give me back the same sort of other-worldly feelings. . . .

... Arrived at the Retreat House in good time so as to get the hang of things, and was courteously received by (I presume) one of the Brothers of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, who helped me with my kit, and conducted me through vestibules and along cloisters through passages, and finally upstairs to a large well-lighted dormitory, where there were three long rows of cots, and then helped me to make my bed and showed me where to stow my belongings, and then gave me some general instructions. He told me of the silence to be observed and provided me with a printed time-table and warned me to be within sound of the bell at the stated times.

I was rather reminded of my arrival at Colchester Barracks as a young subaltern.

Three o'clock found us all assembled in the Chapel and the Retreat and the *Magnum Silentium* (I don't suppose that's the right name for an amateur observance) began.

Our Spiritual Director is a Dominican Friar. He knelt before the Altar and said the Invocation to the Holy Ghost and "Our holy father St. Dominic—pray for us." Then he seated himself facing us and drew his black robe about him, and hands under his white scapular, opened the Retreat with a short address. He spoke of the "Silence." It is the spirit and essence of a Retreat. Silence by itself is negative. But the Religious Silence is the element in which things spiritual fashion themselves that at length they may emerge full-formed and majestic in our daily lives which they are henceforth to rule.

After recitation of the Rosary we had tea in the Refectory, and in silence. I'm afraid I spent the short time in meditating on the pictures that adorned the



walls. There were two highly-coloured, of a religious nature, some engravings : "The Landing of William of Orange" was one, and a large "still life," the subject being a gorgeous assortment of tropical fruit. Such large pictures must take a long time to paint. The bloom would be off the grapes and the peaches mildewed by the time the model was arranged and the preliminaries to painting a big picture completed. I don't know how they do it.

After tea I spent half-an-hour or so walking about the grounds as did many others, reading or thinking. Then I went into chapel where confessions were going on. The Stations of the Cross were made before supper.

Supper was at 6 o'clock. The tables are ranged along the walls, with a cross-table facing down the Hall, where the Black Friar and the High Officers of the Retreat sit. In the middle of the Hall was a chair, and this was taken by one of the Retreatants, who read aloud from a book called *Christianus*, by Abbot Vonier. This continued till 6.30, while we ate in silence. The food was plain and very good—soup and meat and vegetables and stewed fruit. The vegetables, cheese and fruit seemed to have that extra special flavour that one associates with home-grown produce. I don't know if they were, but religious institutions generally do a bit of sustenance farming.

At 6.30 the Silence was suspended, and there was half an hour's recreation, when we all went into chapel again and listened to an interesting address on Friendship. Friendship with man and Friendship with God. There are three sorts, one where some people are out for all they can get, the second where pleasure is derived from an agreeable companion, and the third, or genuine kind, when we give all without thought of return.

After the discourse, which lasted half-an-hour, we were given Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

We all remained in the chapel till 9 o'clock or thereabouts, confessions still going on, and then retired to the dormitory, where we found a pile of books lent by the Catholic Library, from which I selected the most amusing, *Enquiries*, by Christopher Dawson, and so to bed.

Sunday, 15th.

Most of us got up at 5.30 a.m. Plenty of shower baths, h. and c., only the hot didn't function. I dislike shaving in cold water, but as the Silence was still on I couldn't give vent to my feelings. Anyway, being an old soldier, I soon found my way to the cook-house and got a mugful of hot water and shaved in comfort. Some of us cleaned our own boots and made our own beds. Some of us didn't.

Into chapel at 6.30. The Black Friar said Mass according to the Dominican rite of course. This interesting survival was that used in England when the Sarum Missal was in use in the South of England. I suppose it's older than the Roman rite—I don't know.

At 7.30 I strolled in the shrubbery and read the Office of Prime, and felt very monastical.

Excellent breakfast at 8. Porridge—real oatmeal, and I had two goes. A large bowl was put on each table and the contents served out by the man before whom it was placed. Then rashers of bacon were brought in on a charger, and fried eggs on another. The meal was finished off satisfactorily by toast and marmalade.

Rosary at 9. Conference at 9.15. Recreation at 10, when some bathed in the swimming pool. 11 o'clock, morning tea. Then Stations of the Cross and Meditation.

Dinner at 1 o'clock. We ate in silence, listening to the reader, with one eye modestly downcast, the other eye trying to hypnotise, say, the butter which may be out of reach, though generally we are quick to anticipate each other's wants.



Lay down with a book after tiffin. Stations of the Cross at 3. The conference, as the discourse by our Spiritual Director is called, which is rather flattering to us, as we take no active part in it of course, dealt with the public official worship of Holy Mother Church, or the Liturgy.

While private devotions are essential we are nevertheless expected to keep them for private occasions. After all it is something in the nature of a slight to cold-shoulder the public prayers of the Church and substitute our own. If you happen to be a privileged friend of a great man you wouldn't, in common decency, absent yourself from a public function in his honour on the grounds that you could see him any time in private.

The Black Friar told an amusing story of the late Bishop Hedley. The Bishop was reading his Divine Service in a London omnibus. A fellow-passenger remarked loudly and offensively that he himself performed his devotion in private. The Bishop looked up from his Breviary and quietly said: "Nevertheless you seem to think it necessary to let the public know that you do so."

After supper (very good sausages) the Silence was put an end to by the announcement that we might help ourselves to fruit off the trees in the grounds.

We went into chapel at 7.30. The chapel is upstairs, and the knife boards on which we kneel are rather high, and we consequently felt the strain of kneeling. Next year I must bring a cushion, though I don't think that will help much. It is not the hardness of the boards.

The "conference" was again about Friendship, which seems the *leit motif* of these interesting and important talks. The Friar dwelt on the little courtesies that make domestic life run smoothly—the tendency to omit them in our conduct to those nearest and dearest, while extending them to strangers and mere acquaintances. "Manners maketh the man" is the inscription over William de Wykeham College at Oxford, and "manners" in the Fourteenth Century was the equivalent of our word "morals." The morals inculcated in the Decalogue are a code of manners to be observed before we can have any intercourse or friendship with God.

#### Monday, 16th.

Most of the people up again at the early hour of 5.30. All in chapel by 6.30 for Mass. The day passed all too quickly in the round of observance, and by four o'clock there was a feeling in the air that the Retreat was coming to a close. The Bishop arrived at 4.30. Books were collected and kits packed, and there was a general rushing to and fro.

However, we had yet another half-hour or so in chapel. At 5 o'clock we had a valedictory address from our Spiritual Director summing up his previous discourses. Then the Bishop came in and gave Benediction, during which the Marist Brothers sang the *Magnificat*.

At supper, our last meal of the Retreat, conversation was general, and by comparison with the other meals, which had been taken in silence, seemed almost uproarious. There were three speeches. The President of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, the Bishop and the Black Friar all made graceful little speeches, thus bringing the Retreat to a close.

#### Tuesday, 17th.

Felt as though I have been out of the world quite a long time. The Retreat, after the humdrum of ordinary life, was an experience that refreshed and rested one.

The inevitable question: "How did you like the Retreat?" seemed as tactless as though one were asked: "How do you like your wife?"

The great question now is: "What about next year's Retreat?" Where will it be and when?





THE PRESENTATION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

(Feast: November 21st).

## The Presentation of Our Blessed Lady

The Feast of Our Lady's Presentation in the Temple, celebrated on November 21st, commemorates the entry of Mary into the Temple, where according to tradition she was educated. Through her father, Joachim, Mary was of the royal house of David, and it is said that her pious parents had promised to consecrate her childhood to the special service of God. "The angelic child joyfully ascended the steps of the Temple, for she felt happy in being admitted to the house of God, for whose sake alone did her heart beat. There in the apartments adjoining the sanctuary, surrounded by her pious companions, she spent all too quickly the beautiful days of her girlhood. She occupied herself in meditating on the Holy Scripture, in making the garments and ornaments used in the divine service, and in singing the praises of Jehovah." (*Berthe, C.S.S.R.: Jesus Christ—His Life, His Passion, His Triumph*).

The feast was first established in the Oriental Church about the seventh century, and was introduced into the West in the fourteenth century. It was finally established in the Liturgy by Pope Sixtus V in 1585.

St. Paul of the Cross, who cultivated a very particular devotion to Our Blessed Lady, had an especial reverence for the Feast of the Presentation. It was on November 21st, 1720, that he bade his final farewell to the world, before being clothed with the Passionist habit on the following day. The first Retreat of his Congregation, founded in 1737 upon Monte Argentario, was named the Retreat of the Presentation; and in later years the first Province of the Congregation received the same dedication. In memory of these events, the feast has ever been observed by the Passionists with special solemnity in all the Retreats of the Congregation throughout the world.



# Great Expectations

R. J. BENNETT

.....  
"It's great news!" cried Martin.

"It's going to be no secret!" said his wife, her face flushed.

"No!" he agreed. "We're not going to hide it."  
.....

YOU might remember that a Mrs. Ernest Wittel of St. Louis, U.S.A., was one of the lucky number who won £15,000 in one of the "Sweeps." Mrs. Wittel was formerly Miss Mary Anne McCullagh, of Clascow. She was only eighteen when she emigrated to the U.S. thirty-four years ago.

Mrs. Martin Reid of Clascow was delighted when she learned of her elder sister's success. "I bet Mary'll be coming home to get the money," she told her husband. "Sure I have the photo she sent when she got married about twelve or thirteen years ago. It's a good while since I heard from her now. I'll write to her. Her and me are the only ones of our own family that's alive now."

When a fortnight had elapsed, Mrs. Reid was as eager for the postman's knock as if she herself was expecting a cheque for fifteen thousand. When five weeks had elapsed and there was no answer to her letter, Mrs. Reid's husband shrugged his shoulders, grinned a wry grin and said: "You'll never hear from her now."

At the end of another fortnight, however, there came a gracious letter from Mrs. Wittel. She said she and her husband and "sonny" expected to be in Dublin in a couple of months, and she "guessed" that they would drive down to Clascow.

A further short letter was received by Mrs. Reid early in August. Mrs. Wittel said she and her husband and son were sailing from New York in mid-August.

When Mrs. Reid got the second letter, her husband was on the point of going to the church to attend a High Mass for a deceased person. He was wearing a grey suit and a blue shirt and a brown tie. Martin was forty-seven, and though he was getting grey, he was still a good-looking man. His wife was two years younger and two stones heavier. She had just milked the cows and was wearing an old cap and an old cardigan and skirt.

"It's great news!" cried Martin.

"It's going to be no secret!" said Mrs. Reid, her face flushed.

Martin's face became sober and solemn. "No!" he agreed, "We're not goin' to hide it." They would let the neighbours know, so they would.

The rest of the Clascow people tried not to appear envious and curious. But they were such bad actors that the Reids began to give themselves airs.

"The Wittels have only one ladeen and we have eight children," mused Martin Reid. "And the man had a good job. Maybe they're rich already. Oh, sure Mary Anne'll give Josie four or five hundred."

"Five hundred's send us to sleep as happy as the kids on Christmas Eve," declared Josephine Reid. "But I'd die sooner than I'd ask them for a pound. Sure we can have a good time anyhow, riding in the motor-car and goin' about with them."

Ten years ago Reid had got an additional holding of land, and the Land Commission had helped to build his one-storey slated cottage. There were four rooms, a kitchen, a pantry, and a hall. Mrs. Reid's natural, womanly instinct was to have house and yard and garden as clean and trim as possible before the visitors came.

"But," objected her husband, half-jokingly, "if they think you're so well off, how many thousands'll you get from them, Josie?"

"All the Yanks are grand and neat," rejoined Josephine.

"That's because they have their best clothes on when they come home on holidays," retorted her husband.

However, hedges and bushes were clipped; the yard was swept and gravelled; the window-sashes were painted; the best bedroom was distempered in blue.

The distinguished visitors arrived unexpectedly on a Sunday afternoon. Martin Reid was so excited he almost tripped over himself as he hurried out to the big red car. Mrs. Reid was also flushed and hurried.

A stout woman with a haughty chin—a woman in a beautifully-tailored flannel suit—descended from the car. She and her sister stared hard at one another before they embraced.

"Welcome! welcome home!" Martin was exclaiming fussily. Mr. Wittel, with white hat, light flannel suit, and tortoise-shell glasses, looked almost insignificant in comparison with his wife.

On the path between the front door and the gate there was an assortment of Reid children, staring open-mouthed at their cousin, Ernest Wittel, junior, a lanky youth of eleven, in a white blouse, a gay belt, and stylish knickerbockers.

Mrs. Wittel kissed the Reid children. Martin and his wife and the visitors then adjourned to the blue-distempered, newly-appointed bed-sitting-room. The sisters had a lot to say to each other, but Mrs. Wittel talked as if she could not stop. Reid spoke to Wittel, and said "Hah?" when Wittel spoke to him. For he had difficulty in understanding his brother-in-law, who was of German descent.

"Yes, we're taking the auto to Dublin on Thursday to collect the dollars," announced Mrs. Wittel. "Honey," she addressed her son, "lift the packets of oranges and candy from the car and give them to your cousins."

Young Ernest, who had been gaping at everybody and everything in turn, left the room hurriedly. When the door had closed behind him, Mrs. Wittel said: "Sister, we're spending to-night in the hotel in Malmurray. We'll all call round with the auto to-morrow, and you and your man and a few of the kiddies must come with us to Connemara. The scenery there is 'wow,' I've heard."

"It's very good of you. Ye must let me get the tea for ye now," stated Josephine Reid, hoping her eldest girl had been watching the cooking chickens and ham.

"What d'ye think of them?" Mrs. Reid asked her husband, the red car having disappeared in a cloud of dust.

"They're great toffs, but very nice people," responded Martin. "I'd ha' been better pleased if they had stayed here for the night."

"Sure they'll please themselves," said Josephine.

Martin was busy mowing the corn and could not go on the long journey to Connemara. The Wittels' car called for Mrs. Reid and one of her girls and one of her boys. The Wittels visited Knock on their way through Mayo. The journey was long, but the day was long and the sun shone. The glorious mountains and rugged landscape; the women in shawls; the men in bawneens, all excited the interest of the tourists.

"There's variety in the folks and the scenery; but those little white thatched cottages don't cut any ice with me," commented Mr. Wittel. "Too much like peas in a pod."

It was nearly midnight when the tired but happy group arrived back in Clasgow. The car rolled off again to Malmurray. "The grandest day I had these ten years," said Mrs. Reid.

Martin's hopes mounted to five hundred pounds.



He and his wife accompanied the Wittels to Croagh Patrick and Louisburgh on Tuesday. They learned that Mr. Wittel was an employee of a Gas Company, and he intended to hold on to his job until he was pensioned in five years' time. Ernest, junior, would, they hoped, become a surgeon. They would have plenty of money now to enable them to send him to foreign universities, to take post-graduate courses.

Mrs. Reid could not help saying, 'twixt a sigh and a smile, "Even five hundred pounds would be an awful lot of money to us."

Mrs. Wittel put a pair of field glasses to her eyes and remarked: "Isn't Croagh Patrick a dream. Put the brakes on, Ernest, honey, while I take a few snaps."

On Wednesday morning the Yankees called round to say good-bye, as they were headed for Dublin just then. They left behind them a precious promise to return on Sunday, and in addition, paper bags filled with fruit and assorted sweets.

Martin Reid discarded his second-best coat for his ordinary working-coat, which was a very ragged article. Digging the potatoes, he muttered:—"On Sunday! On Sunday! But if they don't—well, we won't die. But—" He sighed.

Reid was looking pale and shaken on Saturday morning following the postman's visit. He and his wife were reading the two picture postcards that came from Mrs. Wittel and from Ernest, junior. "Sorry to disappoint. Going with friends to Killarney to-morrow," wrote Mrs. Wittel. "Having a grand time.

"They—they might come back here again," whispered Mrs. Reid.

Martin shook his head gloomily. "Didn't you hear them saying that they were going to England on Tuesday or Wednesday for a week, and after that they were goin' to France; then sailin' home," he reminded his wife.

More picture-postcards—of the Strand, Cheapside and the Mansion House—from London on the following Friday. The following week again the Wittels mailed picture-postcards from Paris to their Irish cousins.

"A grand time! Tell us something we don't know," Martin Reid apostrophised the postcard showing Notre Dame Cathedral. And his hopes were finally down to zero when a postcard from Cherbourg showed the liner "Georgina." "Sailing on this boat to-day. Sorry we couldn't call to see you again. Kiss all the children for me. The Ernests send their love," Mrs. Wittel had scribbled.

"Don't boil any eggs for me. I can't ate much this morning," announced Reid, greatly shaken.

"I can only take a cup o' tea myself," sighed his wife.

"Ah, well," said Martin, with a heavy sigh: "I'm glad they came. But I'd be gladder if there was another hundred on top of that hundred we have in the bank. If I got fifteen thousand I wouldn't mind a bit stuffin' the Wittel gossoon's pockets with five-pound notes."

"Well, we couldn't ask them for it," rejoined his wife.

"I know that," he said grumpily.

A month later a large scented envelope with an American stamp and the St. Louis postmark was opened by Mrs. Reid. Out tumbled a gilt-edged card on which were the printed golden words, "A Present From America." Also there was a small grey envelope with a grey piece of paper inside it. Before the Wittels left Ireland they had deposited in an Irish bank one thousand pounds in the joint names of Martin and Josephine Reid, and the grey scrap of paper was the deposit receipt.

The moral of which is that it is possible to expect much and get nothing, and to expect much and get much more than you expected.

# Ladyslipper ~ ~ D. M. ANDERSON

## CHAPTER XI.—*On the Trail.*

WHEN Drake handed in his card at the bank he was promptly shown into the manager's private office.

"We want to know if a cheque for a thousand pounds has been cashed from the late Mrs. Day's account?" asked the detective.

The manager put his hand to the telephone.

"If it has, I will tell them to bring it," he said.

There was a strained silence while the three men waited, and the manager looked anxious.

"I hope that there is no trouble—" he began, hesitatingly.

"I don't expect that there will be any for you," answered the detective, "but there will be, I hope, a great deal of trouble for someone else."

As he spoke the door opened and a bank clerk entered, in his hand was a long slip of paper. He handed it to the manager and left the room.

Immediately the men bent over the paper. It was a cheque made out to "Mr. Mark Reynolds" and signed in very shaky writing, "Sylvia Day."

"It seems quite in order," said the manager.

"It does," admitted Drake. He turned it over and held it to the light, but there was nothing unusual about it.

He turned to the manager.

"Will you please keep it carefully yourself?" he requested. "It is evidently most important, but it has not helped us much at the moment."

As he stood on the pavement with West he looked troubled.

"We don't seem much further now," said the doctor.

"Yes, and no," replied Drake. "I feel convinced in my own mind that Mrs. Day was either frightened or compelled to write that cheque. If only we could make that woman speak. There seemed no one else with Mrs. Day. Did the child know of anyone else?"

The doctor thought for a minute.

"Yes!" he said, "there was an old priest that was very kind to her."

"Ah!" said the detective, "which is the way to the presbytery I wonder?"

When they knocked, a middle-aged housekeeper answered the door.

"Yes, his reverence is in. If you would kindly step inside."

They waited in a small, dreary sitting-room, and after a few minutes the door opened.

As Doctor West's eyes fell on the priest his heart sank. He was positive that Nan had described him as white-haired and old. The priest standing in the doorway was young and his hair black.

"Good-morning!" he said, in a pleasant voice.

"Good-morning!" replied the doctor. "We are very sorry to trouble you, but we would be very much obliged if you could give us any particulars of Mrs. Day's death!"

"Certainly! But won't you sit down?" and he drew forward a couple of straight-backed, horse-hair covered chairs. "May I ask if you are relations of the deceased?"

"No—" answered West. "But—"

There was a sudden sneeze from Drake.

"Did you see her shortly before she died, Father?" interposed the detective.

"Not very long before."

"And did she seem to have the full use of her senses?"

The priest looked surprised.

"Oh! quite when I saw her," he said, decidedly.



Drake looked at the doctor, and the priest caught his look.

"If you don't mind me speaking quite frankly," he said, "you both seem very bothered about something. I hope that it is nothing to do with the child?"

"Well, Doctor West here, happens to be very interested in her."

"I hope that she is all right? There has been no news of her since the day after her mother's funeral. I did not want to make people suspicious by asking questions, but I have felt worried. You see I was away on my holidays when her mother died."

"Oh!" ejaculated West. "You were not with her when she died?"

"No! I saw her about a week before, and she was in quite good health then. There was an old Father supplying for me, from the monastery about five miles away."

Blake sprang to his feet.

"Will you come with us please, Father, in Dr. West's car? We particularly want to see that priest, and if you could come with us it would save time by making things easier. That child is certainly in danger."

Without another word, the priest rose, and taking his hat from the table, motioned the two men to the door.

It was a quick run to the monastery, and an old priest came to the guest-room in answer to their summons, and after the introductions, he begged his visitors to be seated.

At Drake's first question he leant back in his chair, and put the tips of his fingers together.

"As you ask me straight out," he said, speaking carefully, "I may say that I was quite of the opinion at the time that Mrs. Day was under drugs. But I had concluded that the doctor had injected something. But after what you tell me," he gave a little courteous bow to Drake, "I think that it would be wiser to enquire from the doctor if such was the case. Nan is a very sweet child, and I never felt happy at feeling that she was in the hands of such a guardian. He was most determined to get her on to the stage, though I did my best to persuade him not to."

"Don't you think that the woman who worked for Mrs. Day could help us?" enquired the parish priest.

"No doubt she could immensely," said Drake, "but she flatly refuses to answer any questions. What sort of woman is she?"

"She was most devoted to both the dead lady and her little girl, which makes me most surprised at what you tell me. But if you would care to see the doctor who attended Mrs. Day I could accompany you to his house, and then we could go on to the woman. She might speak if I asked her."

The doctor was in, and assured them that he had given no drugs. In fact, he had only seen the patient once, and had been surprised that he had not been sent for when she was dying. But her cousin had told him that it had been too sudden. If there was any other information he could give them he would gladly do so. Mrs. Day was certainly in a very weak state when he saw her, and suffering from chill, but she was quite herself.

Again Dr. West and Drake made their way to the neat little house, but this time the parish-priest was with them.

"Good-morning, Mrs. Smith," he said cheerily, "may we come in?"

"Of course, Father, come right in and sit down." But she gave an anxious look at the two men.

"I hear that you refuse to answer any questions about Mrs. Day," continued the priest. "It is a strange way to behave, because it makes people think that you are hiding something."

The woman grew red.

"Now if I take it on my conscience to tell you to speak, will you?" asked the priest.

"Yes, Father," she replied hesitantly.

"Well, what has made you keep so strange a silence?"

"It was Mr. Reynolds, Father! He told me that some wicked men were after a little money that her mother had left Miss Nan, and if anyone asked me any questions I must not answer. Poor child, I would be the last one in the world to do her any harm."

The priest nodded.

"I know that only too well. These gentlemen here want to ask you some questions about Mrs. Day, and I would like you to answer them."

"Very well, Father, if you are sure that it will be all right."

"Quite sure. Now go ahead!" and he smiled at West and Drake.

The latter pushed his chair forward a little.

"Did Mrs. Day know her cousin well, Mrs. Smith?"

"No sir. They had only met as children now and again."

"Did she invite him to stay?"

"Oh, no sir." He only looked in as he was passing through this place. But as she was ill he offered to stay and help. He had been a medical student, so he said."

"Was she in her right senses at the end?"

"Well no, sir. She seemed very dazed-like the last day. Her doctor saw her on the Monday and said that he would call on the Wednesday as she did not seem very bad. Mr. Reynolds came on the Monday night. They had a long talk, and she seemed flushed after. He had some patent medicine, a sort of pill, and he kindly gave her some. But she seemed very dazed on the Tuesday, and died quite sudden. The doctor was amazed when Mr. Reynolds went for the death certificate, and he was angry that he had not been sent for. But it was too sudden-like, though I did say in the morning to Mr. Mark that it would be wise to send. But he said wait for an hour or so, and then it was too late."

"Did anyone come at all with Mr. Reynolds, a John Branksome?"

"No sir, I never heard tell of any such person; he wasn't with Mr. Reynolds, no one came at all, sir."

"Are you sure that he could not have brought him in without you knowing?"

"No, sir. I was about all the time. No one could have come in without my knowing."

The three men exchanged glances.

"I suppose Mrs. Smith, that you have not by any chance got one of those pills?" asked Dr. West.

"Well, sir, now you mention it there were two over after the poor lady died. Mr. Reynolds threw them in the fireplace, but I thought that it was a pity to waste them, so I put them by in a box."

"I think that Mr. Drake would be glad of them, Mrs. Smith," said the priest. "Could you get them?"

"They are in this drawer here, Father," and walking over to the drawer, she took out a small box with two white tablets in it.

"You are certain that these are what Mr. Reynolds gave Mrs. Day?" asked the detective.

"Quite sure, sir."

"Well, thank you for all you have told us," said Dr. West.

"And don't talk to anyone else about it," added Drake, laughing.

NEXT MONTH : CHAPTER XII.—*Ladyslipper*.

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#### SPECIAL NOTICE.

The concluding instalment of "*Ladyslipper*" will appear in the December "*Cross*." Watch out for the announcement of our New Serial Story for 1937.



## CORRESPONDENCE

### ETHNA CARBERY

DEAR REV. FATHER,

Seeing in the September number of *The Cross* an article on the gifted poetess, who was a dear friend of mine, it struck me that a few more details would interest the public.

In "Glencoe," Antrim Road, Belfast—referred to by M. Nevin—we had many social gatherings. The usual group were mostly either poets, poetesses or musicians. We generally assembled in Anna Johnston's boudoir, a dainty room, planned by herself; and later on we adjourned to the drawing-room for music.

Mrs. Johnston was a Donegal woman. In the poetess's own words: "My mother comes from the heart's blood of Donegal." From that parent she evidently inherited her great talent.

I remember well—even now, years after Anna's death—going to see her, as she lay in her last illness; I remember her catching and holding my hand while she recited yards of verse, and saying: "I think that just suits you"; and naturally I felt quite flattered. The younger daughter, Maggie, felt her sister's death acutely. She was a most unselfish soul, devoting her life to her parents. There was one brother, James, a solicitor, who died some years ago, in Donegal.

Maggie's death was very tragic. Mrs. Johnston was dead many years before. Her father and she were alone in the house. She brought up his breakfast, as he, not feeling well, remained in bed. When she did not go up to see him for a long time, he got anxious and went down to investigate. Alas, the unselfish heart had ceased to beat. She had been taking her breakfast when she expired. Some time before she had been in a nursing home, suffering from heart trouble.

Mr. Robert Johnston is still alive and able to sit out in his garden. He is 97, and complains a little of not hearing so well or seeing so well as of yore. His brain is wonderful; it is so fascinating listening to his tales of long ago.

In appearance he is tall, with a clever, keen face and long snow-white beard, which he has a habit of caressing. In fact he is exactly like pictures one sees of Moses. He should be called the Patriarch. In his home he is the kernel of Irish hospitality, and loves to see his daughter's friends.

Ethna Carbery had her father's brains, and her mother's poetry. Often she would say to her girl friends when she had written some poems: "Now girls, listen to this," and we were treated to stanzas of romance and patriotism. She was tall, like her father, and had a complexion of milk and roses: a sweet companion. Just to-day I came across a beautiful mother-of-pearl card-case she gave me before her marriage; and a letter, which, needless to say, I prize.

BELFAST.

8th September, 1936.

oooooooooGooooooooo

M. J. KEOGH.

### AN APPEAL FOR AFRICA.

CONVENT OF OUR LADY OF AFRICA,  
PALISSA,

MHALE P.O.,

UGANDA B.E.A.

Feast of the Assumption, 1936.

*Deus det nobis suam pacem,*

DEAR REV. FATHER,

This Mission was opened only a few months ago in a wild part of the country where the Sisters have never been before. Crowds of people come daily to us, suffering from all kinds of diseases, and expect us to cure them immediately, although we have yet no hospital. We can only rely on the generosity of our kind benefactors to help us in this great work for the salvation of souls. We have very few school books, and as for our Convent library, there are scarcely a dozen volumes in it. Could one of your readers possibly send us the *Life of St. Gabriel*, *Passionist*, by Fr. Camillus, C.P., and *The Passion Flower of Lucca*, by Fr. Germano, C.P., or other suitable volumes.

Assuring you of our prayers and those of our children.

Yours gratefully in Xte.

SR. M. DOLORES, O.S.F.

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### THE ROCK PAINTING OF CAVE DAVAAR.

A correspondent kindly sends us the following clipping with reference to an article on the above subject in the October issue of *The Cross*.

"The cave picture on Davaar Island, at the mouth of Campbeltown Loch, Kintyre, Argyllshire, is to be restored.

"Mr. Archibald MacKinnon, the Campbeltown-born artist, who nearly 50 years ago painted a picture of the Crucifixion on the wall of the cave, has been invited by the Town Council to return to his native town to undertake the renovation of the picture. No one had seen the artist at work in the cave at the time, and stories of a light glimmering from the mouth of the cave gave rise to the belief that the neighbourhood was haunted. For a period after its discovery in 1887 a supernatural origin was ascribed to the picture. Mr. MacKinnon is now over 80 years of age." (From *The Times*, Monday, May 14th, 1934).

# Passionist Notes and News

## AUSTRALIA.

### Result of Provincial Chapter.

The triennial Provincial Chapter of the Australian Province was held in the month of July at St. Brigid's Retreat, Marrickville, Sydney, under the presidency of V. Rev. Fr. Bonaventure, C.P., First Consultor-General. The result of the elections is as follows:—

Provincial :	V. Rev. Fr. Stephen, C.P.
1st Consultor :	V. Rev. Fr. Bede, C.P.
2nd Consultor :	V. Rev. Fr. Raymond, C.P.
Master of Novices	{ V. Rev. Fr. James, C.P.
Rector, Marrickville	{ V. Rev. Fr. Aloysius, C.P.
Rector, Goulburn	{ V. Rev. Fr. Laurence, C.P.
Rector, Adelaide	{ V. Rev. Fr. Alphonsus, C.P.

## BELGIAN CONGO.

### New Prefect Appointed.

Under date July 28th, 1936, the Sacred Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith has appointed Most Rev. Joseph Augustine Hagendorens, C.P., as Prefect-Apostolic of Tshumbe, Belgian Congo. Born in 1894, at Mariakerke, near Antwerp, the new Prefect was professed as a Passionist at Holy Cross Retreat, Ere, on December 14th, 1911. His ecclesiastical studies were interrupted by the outbreak of the Great War; accordingly, with many of his fellow-students, he was transferred to Holland, where he completed his philosophy. Called to the colours in 1916, he served in the Belgian Army for nearly three years, being attached to the Medical Corps. Known in religion as Fr. Eusebius, C.P., he was raised to the priesthood in January, 1919, and during the next few years acted as Lector at Courtrai, and as Director of Students at Diepenbeck. His rare qualities of mind and heart were recognised by his confreres, and in 1923, at the unusually early age of twenty-nine, he was elected Rector of the Retreat at Natoye. Six years later he was elected to the office of Provincial Consultor; and in 1934 he was designated to lead the first band of Passionist missionaries to Belgian Congo.

We learn also that further help has left Belgium for the Congo to assist this new and thriving mission. The new missionaries are: Rev. Fr. Flavian, C.P.; Rev. Fr. Robert, C.P.; Rev. Fr. Adrian, C.P., and Brother Thomas, C.P.

## ENGLAND.

### Two Bishops at Highgate.

Two Passionist Bishops have lately visited St. Joseph's Retreat, Highgate, London, namely, Most Rev. Leo P. Kierkels, C.P., Apostolic Delegate to India, and Rt. Rev.

Cuthbert O'Gara, C.P., Vicar-Apostolic of Yuanling, China. Mgr. O'Gara administered the Sacrament of Confirmation last month to a number of parishioners at St. Joseph's, and also delivered an inspiring discourse upon the fruit and effects of the Sacrament.

### Ordinations at Sutton.

At St. Anne's Retreat, Sutton, two Passionists of St. Joseph's Province were raised to the priesthood recently. Most Rev. Dr. Downey, Archbishop of Liverpool, officiated at the ceremony, the newly-ordained being Rev. Fr. Bonaventure (Wilson), C.P., Darwin, and Rev. Fr. Athanasius (Thomas), C.P., Sutton. Amongst the clergy present for the occasion were: Mgr. Adamson; V. Rev. Fr. McGrath, P.P., Darwin; V. Rev. Fr. Fox, President, St. Mary's College, Blackburn; Fr. Mason, Thatto Heath; Fr. Daly, Holy Cross; V. Rev. Fr. Brendan, C.P., Provincial; V. Rev. Fr. Joseph, C.P., Rector of Ormskirk; V. Rev. Fr. Arthur, C.P., Rector of Sutton; Rev. Fr. Vivian, C.P. (Dublin); Rev. Fr. Benignus, C.P. (Sutton), and members of the community from Sutton and other English Retreats.

### Pilgrimage to Walsingham.

About eighty pilgrims from Highgate took part in the first Passionist Pilgrimage to the famous Shrine of Our Lady of Walsingham last month. Under the leadership of V. Rev. Fr. Gabriel, C.P., Rector, and Rev. Fr. Kenneth, C.P., the pilgrims left Highgate in three motor-coaches; and on arrival at Walsingham, walked in procession to the "Slipper Chapel." A sermon was preached by Fr. Gabriel, after which Benediction was given. During the return journey to London, the rosary was recited for the intentions of the pilgrimage, viz. (1) the conversion of England; (2) peace of the world, especially in Spain; and (3) the Holy Father's intentions.

## IRELAND.

### Profession of Novices.

On September 20th, at St. Gabriel's Retreat, Enniskillen, V. Rev. Fr. Michael, C.P., Master of Novices, received the following novices to profession: Confrater Dermot (Power), C.P., Waterford; and Confrater Fergus (Loughrey), C.P., Lurgan. The newly-professed students have arrived at Mount Argus, Dublin, to commence their ecclesiastical studies.

### Visit of Passionist Bishop.

Rt. Rev. Mgr. O'Gara, C.P., Vicar-Apostolic of Yuanling, paid a brief visit to Mount Argus, Dublin, last month. His Lordship was on his way to Rome for his *ad limina* visit, and seized the opportunity to pay a visit to the land of his ancestors. The parents of this distinguished Passionist Bishop hail from Kilmovee, Ballaghaderreen.



# Our Question Box: : Answers to our Readers' Queries.

"Teach me goodness, discipline and knowledge."—Ps. cxviii., 66.

## WANTED: ST. LOUIS.

*Will you please tell me through the "Question-box" something about St. Louis; not St. Louis, King of France?—"Interested Reader" (Ennisecorby).*

There are many Saints who have borne the name of Louis. Perhaps the one you require is St. Louis of Anjou, Bishop of Toulouse, who died in 1297. He was a grand-nephew of St. Louis, King of France, his father being Charles II, King of Naples. St. Louis of Anjou was held as a hostage at Barcelona for seven years, and gave great edification by his retired and holy life. Liberated in 1295, he went to Rome and entered the Franciscan Order, being professed in the following year. Later he was made Bishop of Toulouse, where he was remarkable for his poverty and austerity. He banished all gold and silver plate from his residence, and wore an old darned cassock as an example for his clergy. He was only twenty-four years of age when he died; his feast is celebrated on August 19th. He was canonised by Pope John XXII in 1317, his own mother being still alive at the time.

## "SECULAR" AND "REGULAR."

*What is the exact meaning of the terms "secular" and "regular" as applied to the clergy?—"Curious" (Dublin).*

"Regular clergy" is the general term applied to priests who are members of religious orders and congregations, and who live according to a rule (Lat.: *regula*) approved by the Holy See. "Secular clergy" are those who belong to a diocese, are under the jurisdiction of a Bishop, and who generally undertake parochial duties. Since their work brings them into active contact with the world (Lat.: *saeculum*), they are called "secular clergy." Cardinal Manning and others deprecated the use of this latter term, preferring the title "pastoral" or "parochial clergy."

## PASCHAL COMMUNION.

*In our church-history class we read that the Council of the Lateran prescribed annual communion in A.D. 1216. Could those who did not receive once a year, before this decree was issued, save their souls, or were they guilty of mortal sin?—"Schoolboy" (Dublin).*

Salvation depends upon the presence of sanctifying grace in the soul at the moment of death. A person who has led a wicked life and broken laws of God and the Church, if he sincerely repents will recover sanctifying grace and obtain salvation. The ecclesiastical precept in regard to the reception of Holy Communion prior to the decree of the Lateran Council was not uniform in all places. That is why the Council wished to

procure uniformity of practice by prescribing that all the faithful having reached the age of discretion should receive the Holy Eucharist at least once a year during the Easter season. The faithful who disobeyed the laws which held them in their respective dioceses had to repent of their violation, just as those who were guilty of omission in this grave matter after the Council.

## THE FALL OF ADAM.

*Was God surprised when Adam yielded to the temptation of Satan, or did He know what would happen beforehand? A friend of mine insists that God did not know, because if He knew, Adam could not have done otherwise. Please answer this difficulty.—"Worried" (Co. Meath).*

God can never be surprised. Surprise indicates lack of knowledge. But God is omniscient. He knows all things—past, present, and future; all things, both actual and possible. Consequently, He knew beforehand (to use our imperfect manner of speaking) that Adam would fall. But God's foreknowledge did not necessitate Adam's sin, any more than my knowledge that the sun will rise to-morrow will cause it to rise. Adam did not sin because God knew that He would, but God knew that he would sin because He knows all things.

For His own wise purpose God created Adam and Eve even though He knew that they would be tempted and miserably fall. But the fall brought about the promise of redemption and the Incarnation of the Son of God, Who offered up His life for sins of Adam and all mankind. Thus, God drew good out of evil. He showed His power and love in creating and His exceeding great mercy in redeeming.

## OUR MISTAKE.

*What is the name of the Passionist Bishop whose picture is given in the September "Cross"? Under the picture he is called "Eugenio" whilst in the text he is called "Raphael"—"Reader" (Dublin).*

Sorry, our mistake. The Bishop's baptismal name is "Raphael," and his name in religion is "Eugenio." Having been promoted to the hierarchy he now follows the usual custom and uses both names.

## AGE OF THE WORLD.

*Does the Catholic Church allow us to believe that the earth has been in existence more than ten thousand years?—"Student" (Dublin).*

Catholics are free in this matter to hold any opinion which seems probable, provided they believe as a revealed truth that the earth was created from nothing, in time, and by God.

### GETTING THE BEST PRICES.

*Is it true that I am entitled to get the best prices possible for my goods, or is it sinful to charge more than the proper price of same?*  
—"A Dublin Shopkeeper."

This question concerns the bi-lateral contract of buying and selling. By virtue of that contract the seller agrees to hand over an article to the buyer for a certain price. It is clear that the price agreed on must be just, both to the buyer and the seller. Now what is a just price? Moralists distinguish three kinds of just prices; the legal, the common, and the conventional. The first is established by law, such as water rates, and must be followed in conscience for the public good; the second by the common estimation of men; and the third by a private agreement, such as happens in regard to articles which have only a small restricted sale, such as works of art. Your question regards the second kind of price. Moralists in answering your question further distinguish the common price into three degrees; lowest, medium, and highest—all in regard to the same article. Therefore one merchant can sell at a higher price than another, just as he may undersell him, without injuring commutative justice; provided of course, the price charged corresponds with the value of the article in the common estimation. Thus it is that some retail stores sell the same article at higher prices than others. This cannot be called unjust, even though there were no added reasons for a higher price, such as heavier rent, etc. As a rule the community takes care of this matter pretty well. If they can get the same pair of shoes cheaper in one store than in another they will make a path to the first door. Therefore, if "getting the best prices possible" means getting the highest degree of a just price, you are not violating justice by asking for it. But to exceed that amount is unlawful.

### DEATH OF JOHN CALVIN.

*I have read somewhere an account of the death of Calvin. Can you tell me some of the facts and where I can find full details?*—"R.K." (Glasgow).

The circumstances surrounding the death of Calvin were hidden and mysterious. He breathed his last on May 27, 1564, after a night of horrible agony. He died at eight in the morning and was buried at two the same day. Many rumours spread through Geneva about the manner of his death. It was claimed that his body was hastily buried because it bore traces of a desperate struggle and of a premature decomposition. A young man, who succeeded in penetrating the death chamber of Calvin, testified: "Calvin, ending his life in despair, died of a most shameful and disgusting disease, which God has threatened to rebellious and accursed reprobates, having been first tortured in the most excruciating manner, and

consumed, to which fact I can testify most certainly, for I, being present, saw with these eyes his most sad and tragical death." These facts, and the documents from which they are taken, may be found in full in "The History of the Protestant Reformation," by Martin J. Spaulding, D.D.

### FLIRTING AND KISSING.

(1) *Is it a sin to flirt with a boy-friend?*  
(2) *And is kissing a boy awfully wrong, provided you only do it once in a while?*—"Twenty-one" (Dublin).

(1) We presume that you use the word "flirt" in its ordinarily accepted meaning, which according to the dictionary is "to make love for mere amusement." This may include many forms of conduct, from a few words spoken in jest to intimacy of a sensual nature. Understood in this latter sense, we must emphatically say that flirting is forbidden both by the natural and the divine positive law. Nature has ordained that such sensual pleasures be reserved to the married state. The obligation of the sixth commandment, which forbids indulgence in unlawful pleasures, obliges us also to avoid the dangerous occasions of sin. Flirting is obviously a dangerous occasion of sin, and is therefore forbidden. You might remember also that a girl cheapens herself by making herself common.

(2) Kissing between the sexes follows the same rule. To show friendship it is legitimate, though it is commonly employed by the best people only in favour of relatives and very close friends. In these matters a girl must remember that maidenly modesty is her greatest natural charm.

### RESTITUTION.

*If you are left to pay a deceased person's bills, and after adding up the items and comparing the statement with that of the firm to which he owed money, you find that their account is about £10 short, what shall I do? May I settle the statement as they have sent it, and let it go at that?*—"Executor" (Dublin).

There must be a mistake somewhere. It can generally be presumed that business firms send a correct bill. In case of a practical doubt, you can safely follow their statement. Only in case you are morally certain that they have omitted to charge for certain goods, received by the deceased, are you obliged to make good the amount. The elementary principles of justice demand that goods ordered and received must be paid for or returned promptly. If you are sure the firm have made a mistake, notify them to this effect. If they do not accept your accountancy, you do not have to force £10 upon them. Pay their account with a safe conscience.



# Book Reviews

**SAINT PHILOMENA:** Virgin Martyr and Wonder Worker. Cecily Hallack. Dublin: The Antonian Press. Pp. 143.

Philomena is no ordinary Saint and her story is no ordinary story. We know nothing of her life, although the learned men tell us that she suffered martyrdom in the early ages of the Church, when she was only a child of thirteen. We do not even know her real name. Her story began like this: In 1802, the ancient catacomb of St. Priscilla, at Rome, was being cleared of the loose sand which had fallen, and the workmen in digging through one of the subterranean tunnels came across a small tomb closed with three terra-cotta tiles. On cleaning these an inscription written in bright red paint was revealed, which read *Pax tecum filumena*, "Peace be to you, darling." So you see, Philomena means "Darling," and the inscription was just what any father and mother would order for the tombstone of a beloved child. Her name might have been Mary or Cecilia or Agatha or anything else, but it was impossible to find out, so her discoverers just called her "darling" or Philomena, and this is the name by which she is known still. But, however little was known about her until 1802, since then, the relics of this little girl, which were found in the tomb, have worked miracle after miracle, which have astonished the world. How she came to her present shrine at Mugnano, in Italy, and became the friend and confidant of the Curé of Ars and Pauline Marie Jaricot, is told by Cecily Hallack in this little book of 143 pages. Don't think it is dry reading, for it is a book of wonders. Every page has its own miracle, and the story is told in a simple, fascinating kind of way, in fact, just as Philomena, a thirteen-year-old, would like it to be told. Every lover of St. Philomena should read this book.

**I BELIEVE.** Rev. Wilfred G. Hurley, C.S.P. London: Herder & Co. Pp. 208. 2s. 6d.

Every Catholic is going to be able to give a reason for the faith that is within him. Ignorance is the handmaid of vice. If his Faith is not strong and virile, then there is the danger of being swayed by every evil wind that blows, till he is caught in the tempest and finally shipwrecked and left desolate on the shores of atheism and unbelief. "The truths of Life, Death and Eternity," writes the author of this book, in his foreword, "seem so complex and so deep, to the average man, as to be utterly beyond human comprehension. Or worse still, such a man may dismiss religion as being only for certain people and certain minds." In his haphazard efforts to strengthen the reasons for his Faith "he fails completely in grasping the simplicity,

the power and the glory of God's dealings with mankind." *I Believe* gives you simple answers to the oftentimes difficult question: "Why do you believe?" The author covers the whole range of Catholic doctrine in twenty-three chapters, each chapter-heading beginning with the word "Because." Each "Because" sheds a new light upon different dogmas of religion, and by the art of simplicity strengthens the reader's adherence to the Faith. This book is not dear, just the price of fifty cigarettes. It is written by an American priest in a clear, vivid style, which wins conviction. It will be welcomed by every Catholic who wants to take his part in the ranks of the Church Militant, to fight fearlessly but intelligently the modern enemies of Greed, Atheism, Bigotry, False Doctrine and Communism.

\* \* \* \*

**TEAC 1 N-ÁIRDE** agus **LÁ BEALTAME.**

Sinéato de Valera. Baile Átha Cliath: M. H. Mac Suill agus a Mac, Teor. Leatanna 20 7 19. Luac, Raol ar Jacaon.

These are two short plays in Irish, by Mrs. De Valera. "Teac 1 n-áirde"—"House to Let," for boys, and "Lá Bealtaine" "May Day," for girls. Both of them are built round a simple plot, which unfolds to a humorous conclusion. The "Teac 1 n-áirde" is haunted, which means that there is a ghost, a part surely to delight the heart of any boy, although in this play the ghost is discovered by means of a pin, which caused the ghost to exclaim: "Ní béir mé m' cumas suróe síos go ceann míosa." That might not be so appealing.

"Lá Bealtaine" is the story of an inheritance whose rightful owner cannot be found. Two young ladies, Sobnait and Gramme appear to make their claims. Sobnait comes from London "agus toirín na béal aici" and Gramme from Paris "agus as cur púdar ar a sróin go minic" (I can see many candidates for these parts). Neither of them, however, gets the inheritance, and the missing heiress is discovered dancing on the green, celebrating May Day.

There are about ten parts to be filled in each play, and the amount of Irish to be learnt by each little actor (or actress) will not prove a difficult task. I notice, too, that each play has its own songs in tonic solfa—set to such beautiful tunes as "Oró 'se do beata baile," "Is cruas san peata an maoin agam," "Páinne seál an lae," etc. These little plays should be a great help to enthuse the little ones with a love of their mother tongue, and help them to realise that there can be fun also in what they are taught to regard as a very serious business—the learning of Irish.



# nead na gaeilge

## scéal an colúir

**b**UACAILL ós do scriobh an scéilín deas so agus is maíe an crot a cuir sé air. Tá súil againn go mberó sé de glan meabhair ag a lán daoine óga sara fada agus go mberó sé le clos ag na feiseanna i rith an tsamhráir seo chugainn.

Nuair a cruthaigh Dia na h-éunlaíche ar dtús do cuir sé amgeall ós na flataisáib cun múineadh dóibh conus neadacha do déanamh.

Nuair táinig an t-amgeall do bailiú na h-éim go léir 'na timpall agus do tuis sé ar iad do teaghas. Togha teagaisg de tug sé dóibh. Do taisbeán sé dóibh conus an nead do tsonú, conus ba ceart i 'damhniú, agus conus ba ceart i 'do déanamh clútmair agus oireamhnaic dos na gearcacháib beasa.

Do tugadair aire maíe dó—sé sin iad go léir ac an colúr amháin. Ní raib puinn ráirte ag an amgeall nuair do glac mío-foirne an colúr.

“Ó” ar seisean, “tuisim an scéal go léir anois. Ní gáó duit a tuille do múineadh domsa, a amgíl; tá an ceáro go h-iomlán foilumtha againn anois.” Agus t'imeáig sé leis agus

do érom sé ar nro do déanamh do féin.

Ac, an colúr boet! Ní raib an ceáro go léir aige. Do cuir sé beagán cipíní le céile i scránn agus do rug a céile cúpla ub orra.

Nuair a táinig an gaoe do éreac si an nead agus do tuit ceann dos na h-uib agus do briseadh é.

Is mar sin atá an scéal ag an scolúr mío-foirneac ó som. Is minic a bristear a curo ub, agus is minic a tuiteann gearcaic beag leis as an leabair éruar agus marbuiséann an foitrom é.

Tá mórán daoine ar an saol mar an scolúr úo. Bíonn míofoirne orra nuair a bíonn siad ós. Ní bíonn siad sásta ceacá nó don nro eile o'foilum go beac agus go cruinn agus go ceart, agus annsan nuair a pásann siad suas agus nuair a bíonn cúram tige orra ní tagann leo ruo ar bit a déanamh go slacátmair, agus pásann san go liobarnaic, ciotaic, cam iad go deo.

Ná bíod doinne againn-ne mar an scolúr úo.

muiris na móna.

## Christmas Cards and Calendars

For the coming Christmas and New Year season Brian O'Higgins has published a bigger range than ever of original Irish-made cards and calendars, all printed in bewitching colours and all bearing wish verses that are in keeping with the great Festival of the Nativity, and are in pleasing contrast with the pagan and very often vulgar greetings to be found on the Christmas Cards imported in huge quantities from England every year. The cards issued by Brian O'Higgins range in price from one penny to sixpence each, and there are about one hundred designs in all. Some are specially meant for sending to exiles far away and they will surely be appreciated by Irish people all over the world who are fortunate enough to get them.

There are nine lovely little calendars at sixpence each and eleven large calendars at one shilling each, including one of a humorous nature which will evoke hearty laughter around many a Christmas fireside. Some of the calendars, like the cards, are of a religious character, and are specially suitable as greetings or gifts to priests or nuns or brothers. There is a greeting poem on every calendar.

This year, for the first time, Brian O'Higgins has issued six very beautiful wall mottoes which are marvellous value at one penny each and which will, it is hoped, be seen in every home and hall and school throughout the country. They excel anything of the kind that has ever been published in this country, and each has an appropriate verse by Brian O'Higgins. Cards, calendars and mottoes will be on sale at all stationers.

A sample selection of one card and one calendar and one motto from each of the series (15 in all) will be sent to any address for 3s. 6d. The entire lot of cards, calendars and mottoes (over 130) will be sent for 35s. An illustrated Price List free on application to: BRIAN O'HIGGINS, 68 Upper O'Connell Street, Dublin.





# The Guild of St. Gabriel

A Literary Circle for Young Readers  
of "The Cross."

Conducted by Francis.

## RULES OF THE GUILD.

I. The Guild of St. Gabriel is a literary circle : open to boys and girls under 19 years of age.

II. The members will be expected to spread devotion to St. Gabriel of Our Lady of Sorrows, by practising the virtues of purity, charity and truth, and by living lives worthy of him who is to be their model and their guide.

III. They will endeavour to bring as many new members as they can into the Guild of St. Gabriel.

THE gold and brown leaves lying in little withered heaps on the roadway and in the field dykes, indicate that the year is fast approaching to its close. The verdure and grandeur of other days have gone, and the bare branches, forlorn of their glory, with the wind moaning sadly through the mist and drabness of the swiftly-darkening evenings with their peculiar melancholy, reminds us that it is November, the month of the Holy Souls, and our thoughts begin to dwell on the things of the other world, while we think with infinite tenderness of our loved ones who are perchance suffering in the flames of Purgatory. Few escape the chastening fires for all souls must be purified before they are worthy to appear before the eyes of God. During this month let us not forget the poor souls in our prayers, Masses and Holy Communions. The prayers of the faithful are as a refreshing dew to their parched spirits, and our unselfish appeals to God on their behalf never go unrewarded.

## MY POST BAG.

With the opening of the schools and the return to work of my young friends and scholars, the dimensions of my post bag have swelled out of the usual proportion. Heavily laden and beaming gladly, the postman hurried up to my den and whistled joyously at the thought of all the good things he carried to *Francis*. What a splendid pile of letters, what a mountain of competition papers, and best of all, a great host of new members come trooping in in joyful array. From the *Cross and Passion College, Kildcullen, Co. Kildare*, and from the *Brigidine Convent, Mount Athol*, come a mighty crowd. Headed by VIVIENNE TURLEY come NANCY MCKINLEY, EVELYN PARTRIDGE, VERONICA PARTRIDGE, UNA BROGAN and LAURA MURPHY. Under PEGGY MAIN march in TERESA McAULIFFE, TERESA GILLAN, PATSY RODGERS, CONNIE MCGUIGAN and MARIE FITZPATRICK. Under EILEEN TRAINOR (an industrious little worker)

come ROSALEEN HOURIHANE, CAIT MCCARTHY, KATHLEEN MURPHY, BRID O'CALLAGHAN, TERESA DALY, and under MARY LEAHY skip in MAUREEN BREEN, MOLLIE RAWSON, MAUREEN O'DRISCOLL, TERESA ROCHE and MARIE McDONNELL. ROSALEEN MURRAY (*Brigidine Convent*) introduces ENIE BROWNE, PEGGY FROST, JOAN MCCARTHY, MARY PHELAN, while KATHLEEN DUNNE brings in the following : MARY O'LEARY, KITTY MAYBURY, PATSY OWENS, MARY O'FARRELL and SADIE DELANEY. To each and all of the new-comers I extend my hand in welcome, and pray that they have the happiest time of their lives playing and working in the garden of our Guild. May St. Gabriel send them many joys from Heaven, and lead them to every success in their studies and undertakings on life's highway.

## A DELIGHTED PRIZE-WINNER.

"I am very, very, very thankful for the beautiful prize book which you sent me," writes EITHNE MARRON. "In a couple of hours I had it all read, and I was delighted beyond measure to get such an addition to my library." I hope you will carry off some of the splendid prizes offered by the Catholic Press Exhibition. We shall be so proud if some of our members are amongst the winners. DOROTHY BARRY writes a charming, little

## IMPORTANT.

- (1) Newcomers will please write a personal note to *Francis*, apart from their competition paper, asking for admission to the Guild.
- (2) A Badge of St. Gabriel will be awarded to each member who enrolls five new members.
- (3) Put your name, address and age on the COMPETITION PAPER; enclose the Guild Coupon, and see that the correct amount of postage is paid.
- (4) Address your letters to : "*Francis*," Guild of St. Gabriel, THE CROSS, Mount Argus, Dublin.



letter, too, and is so happy because of her success in our competitions. Don't forget to visit Mount Argus this time, Dorothy, and be sure to say a prayer at the grave of Fr. Charles for *Francis* and the Guild members. It was a very pleasant surprise to hear from our little friend, Breda McSHORTALL again. She is so busy studying she fears she may have to resign from the Guild. Surely Breda you cannot be contemplating such drastic action. We all cry out in protest. There are many years before you to enter for the competitions. Why not interest some of your new schoolmates in the Guild, and help to spread devotion to St. Gabriel? Are you lonely for Breda, JOE McSHORTALL, and do you miss the fun you both enjoyed together? I shall be watching out for that composition next month. Have you any good joke for *The Cross Annual*? It will soon be on sale, and it promises to be better than ever this year. If essays and stories come up to the standard they may be published in St. Gabriel's Guild pages in the *Annual*. Many thanks to BERNADETTE RODGERS for her little note. I hope she will not stay away so long again. What a truly readable and pleasant letter you can write, TERESA KEANE. You well deserved the prize, and I hope you will frequently compete in our competitions. Teresa expects to be broadcasting this month.

We must all "listen-in" to her singing, from old Kildare. God bless your future with endless success. Use your voice often in the furtherance of His glory and you shall sense the depths of true happiness and divine grace. A warm welcome to your little sister, VERONICA KEANE, who I trust will be a faithful member and carry off many a prize from our treasury of books. ELEANOR DARGAN is truly one of our best members. She writes so constantly and takes such a keen interest in all our doings. Eleanor has been having some pleasant, autumn holidays. "I climbed Ben Lomond, which is 3,192 ft.", she says. "I had a magnificent view from the top and felt as if I were standing on the top of the world. Loch Katrine, from which Glasgow receives its water supply, looked very small, and a river looked like a ribbon lying on the ground. The visibility was remarkably good, and a mountain in Co. Antrim could be seen in the distance." Surely a wonderful view, Eleanor, and one to be long remembered. From St. Nathy's College, Ballaghaderreen, comes CIARAN NEEDHAM, with a request for membership. Need I say that he is as welcome as the bogland breezes of the West. His essay is fine. Our old friend, PAT PALMER sends a charming, cheery letter, telling of his sister Nora's profession, and all the joy and happiness that attended it. Pat, I am glad you had such a splendid time, and had the good fortune of meeting Br. Leo. Like all the Palmers, you are on the right track. Congratulations. At the last moment, PAULINE COFFEY comes knocking at our door. She, too, has been out working, and has brought

along five new members. They are MAURA RODGERS, MAURA NUGENT, K. HOURIHANE, MAUREEN WALSH and BRIGID SPILLANE. A joyful welcome to them all. The children of *St. Gerard's Hospital, Coleshill*, have sent a big batch of essays full of great merit. Little MARY APPLEBY has some beautiful memories, and DOROTHY BARRY and MURIEL BRINE write tenderly and sweetly. Every good wish to SHEILA and MARY McANDREW.

#### THE AWARDS.

In the competition for the best essay on "The Studies I like best" the prize is awarded to MARY O'LEARY, *Brigidine Convent, Mountrath, Leix*.

In the competition for the best essay on "The Happiest Day of My Life" the prize is divided between WINIFRED MARTIN, *St. Gerard's Hospital, Coleshill, Birmingham, England*, and JOAN MCCARTHY, *Brigidine Convent, Mountrath, Leix*.

In the competition for the best essay on "A Walk in Winter" the prize is awarded to CIARAN NEEDHAM, *St. Nathy's College, Ballaghaderreen*.

Badges of St. Gabriel are awarded to VIVIENNE TURLEY, PEGGY MAIN, PAULINE COFFEY, EILEEN TRAINOR and MARY LEAHY, all of *The Cross and Passion College, Kildare, Co. Kildare*; ROSALEEN MURRAY, KATHLEEN DUNNE, *Brigidine Convent, Mountrath, Leix*.

#### DECEMBER COMPETITIONS.

FOR MEMBERS AGED 16 TO 19—A Prize is offered for the best Christmas Story.

FOR MEMBERS AGED 13 TO 16—A Prize is offered for the best essay on "The Glory of Christmas."

FOR MEMBERS UNDER 13—A Prize is offered for the best humorous story or joke.

SEND BEFORE NOVEMBER 10TH.

•••••

#### Recompense

He begged of me the little toys at night  
That I had taken lest he play too long.  
The little broken toys, his sole delight!  
I held him close in wiser arms and strong  
And sang, with trembling voice, the evensong.

So, Lord, like children at the even fall,  
We weep for broken playthings, loath to part  
Whilst Thou, unmoved because Thou knowest  
all,

Dost fold us from the treasures of Thy heart.  
But we shall find them at the morning tide,  
Awaiting us unbroke and beautified.

St. Gabriel's Guild

**COUPON** NOV., 1936